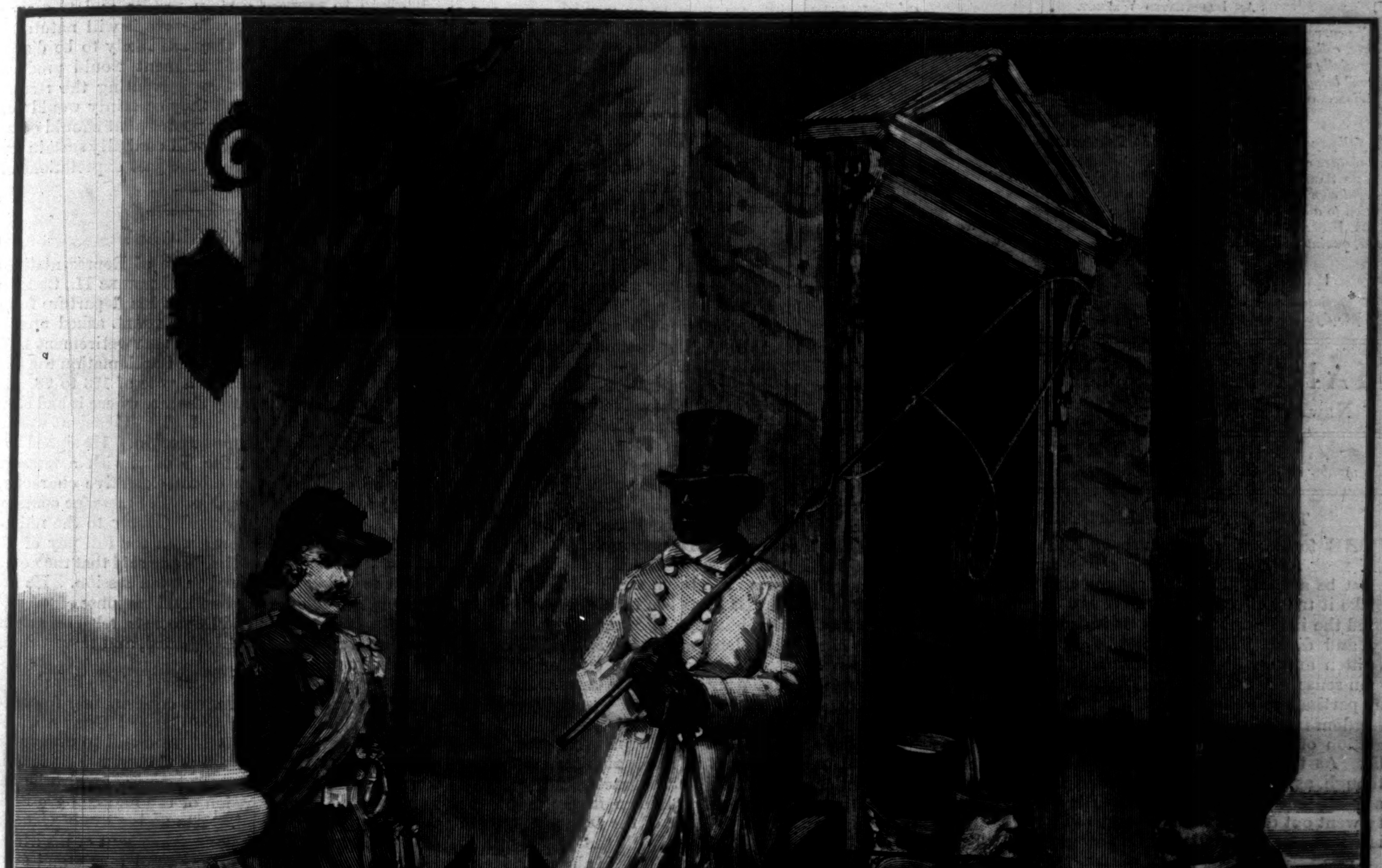
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXIX.—No. 1473.
Copyright, 1885, by Harper & Brothers.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1885.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



THE INAUGURATION—PRESIDENT ARTHUR AND MR. CLEVELAND LEAVING THE WHITE HOUSE FOR THE CAPITOL.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 170.]

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, *and* Harper's Bazar *may be had for the years* 1882, 1883, *and* 1884. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders promptly. It is* Messrs. Harper & Brothers' *intention in future to keep the back numbers of these periodicals for three years only.*

"Truly the children are well catered for nowadays. Here is Harper's Young People, an illustrated weekly, full of capital tales and pictures by the best authors and artists, with puzzle pages and poems too, all most interesting—a perfect treasure-house of good things."—*Court Circular, London.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

The current number opens with the first part of a story by Sophie Swett, *called "The Launching of the 'Dauntless.'" The number is especially strong in fiction, an unusually long installment of "Rolf House" being given, with two illustrations, while* Kate Upson Clark *contributes a capital story, entitled*

"A TALE OF TWO DOUGHNUTS,"

the full-page illustration to which, by Thulstrup, *is the principal art feature of the issue.*

Miss Sarah Cooper *writes entertainingly about "Ants," and a careful engraving of one of* Vandyck's *portraits serves as an illustration to a brief sketch of the life of that celebrated painter.*

Mr. Howard Pyle *contributes another of his quaint stories in verse, quaintly illustrated.*

Harper's Young People, $2.00 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of four cents in postage stamps.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, March 14, 1885.

☞ *An* Illustrated Supplement *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

THE force and significance of President Cleveland's inaugural address lie in its author. There must be a man behind the speech, says Emerson, to make it truly effective, and there is a strong man behind the inaugural address. It is simple, clear, manly, and direct. Like all that Mr. Cleveland has written and said, it is characterized by sturdy common-sense. Its tone is truly patriotic, and there is no partisan word in it. It has, moreover, in its total freedom from rhetoric and in its general form, a suggestion of the earlier and simpler days of the republic. As the address of a Democratic President, although, as we said, without a partisan word, it marks a significant political progress. The Democratic party went out of power as the party of slavery. But it is a Democratic President who now says:

> "In the administration of a government pledged to do equal and exact justice to all men there should be no pretext for anxiety touching the protection of the freedmen in their rights or their security in the government, of their privileges under the Constitution and its amendments. All discussion as to their fitness for the place accorded to them as American citizens is idle and unprofitable, except as it suggests the necessity for their improvement. The fact that they are citizens entitles them to all the rights due to that relation, and charges them with all its duties, obligations, and responsibilities."

Upon specific questions the President repeats his known views. The public expenditure, he says, should be limited to the actual needs of the government economically administered—a principle which Mr. Arthur laid down in his first Message. Again: "Our system of revenue should be so adjusted as to relieve the people from unnecessary taxation, having a due regard to the interests of capital invested and workingmen employed in American industries, and preventing the accumulation of a surplus in the Treasury to tempt extravagance and waste." In these two passages it is easy to see that the President will take no extreme position, and would favor a careful revision of the tariff to reduce redundant revenue with the least disturbance to any interest. The President demands honesty and justice toward the Indians, with a view to their ultimate citizenship, and he holds that polygamy should be repressed. He favors also the rigid enforcement of the laws against the immigration of a servile class which does not intend to become naturalized, and which brings habits and customs repugnant to our civilization. In regard to foreign affairs, the address holds to "the policy of Monroe, of Washington, and Jefferson—peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none."

Finally, upon the great question of reform in the civil service, the address says:

> "The people demand reform in the administration of the government and the application of business methods to public affairs. As a means to this end civil service reform should be in good faith enforced. Our citizens have the right to protection from the incompetency of public employés who hold their places solely as the reward of partisan service, and from the corrupting influence of those who promise and the vicious methods of those who expect such rewards. And those who worthily seek public employment have the right to insist that merit, that competency, shall be recognized instead of party subserviency or the surrender of honest political belief."

These are the words of a man who has shown that he means what he says, and to whose unhesitating approval and support of the reformed system its practical establishment in the service of the State of New York is due. When Mr. Cleveland says that "civil service reform should be in good faith enforced," he announces the policy of his administration in this respect, and he invites its friends to judge his administration by its fidelity to the reform, and there is no doubt that its conduct in this respect will be closely scrutinized. With the terse words which express sound principles the new administration begins. We do not forget that he who girdeth on his harness must not boast himself as he who putteth it off; and there is the other saying to be remembered, *finis coronat opus*—the end crowns the work. The words of the inaugural address and the actual character of the administration are now to be proved. But the courageous fidelity of the President to his convictions is known, and it is that knowledge which justifies the expectation of an administration which honest and patriotic men will cordially approve.

THE CABINET.

THE new cabinet is unquestionably a strong cabinet. It comprises some of the well-known Democratic leaders and some younger men less known. The President has had the good sense and the courage to disregard "claims for recognition" upon the part of States and persons, and has invited gentlemen from the various parts of the country whose personal character and ability, or whose public service and distinction, are the earnest of such an administration as he desires to conduct. The cabinet will be eagerly scanned from three points of view—its ability, its significance as regards administrative reform, and its supposed indication of the Executive views of a tariff policy. The uprightness, acknowledged ability, and public experience of Messrs. Bayard, Lamar, and Garland at once commend them to the confidence of the country as excellent selections. Mr. Bayard is the most generally and widely known member of the cabinet, and his appointment secures to the councils of the President the Democratic statesman who, next to Mr. Pendleton, is most fully identified with the cause of reform in the civil service. Upon financial questions Mr. Bayard has been generally in accord with the soundest Republicans, and his reported position in the late debate upon the Nicaragua treaty promises a conservative conduct of our foreign relations which is in harmony with the best traditions of the government.

Mr. Manning, Mr. Endicott, Mr. Vilas, and Mr. Whitney are less generally known. They have taken no conspicuous part in national affairs, but they are gentlemen of the highest character and conceded capacity. Mr. Manning is known in the politics of New York as the chairman of the Democratic State Committee, and is identified with the best men and soundest policies of his party. He is also most favorably known in business circles for his excellent judgment, intelligence, and firmness. He is, moreover, a personal friend of the President, who, upon going to assume immense public duties in a place and among persons generally unknown to him, has naturally wished to have near him, and among his responsible advisers, not only a man well fitted for the official position, but an intimate and trusted personal friend. Mr. Manning is placed at the head of one of the great patronage departments, and the one which is usually considered the most important and powerful. It may be safely assumed that the Secretary of the Treasury, selected under the circumstances that we have mentioned, will faithfully observe the principles of the President. This is true also of Mr. Vilas the new Postmaster-General. It is through this department that an Administration is brought directly into connection with every little community in the country, and that an official party agency is everywhere established. In round numbers, 47,000 of the 50,000 postmasters in the country are appointed by the Postmaster-General. In Mr. Cleveland's letter of acceptance, and in his letter to the Reform League, he states distinctly the principle which should govern the Postmaster-General in removing and retaining the postmasters who are his subordinates. In the first letter the President said: "The selection and retention of subordinates should depend upon their ascertained fitness and the value of their work, and they should be neither expected nor allowed to do questionable party service." In the second letter he said that efficient officers who were not offensive partisans should not be removed during their terms. This refers to such as are nominated to the Senate. The great body of postmasters, however, have no fixed term, and, under Mr. Cleveland's rule, are to be removed only for official reasons which embrace the political misuse of the position. It may be assumed, therefore, and with equal confidence, that the Postmaster-General also will faithfully enforce the policy which the President has announced.

Mr. Endicott, as Secretary of War, has little patronage, in the ordinary sense. But he is a representative of the best spirit of his party, and he is in every way an admirable selection as the New England member of the cabinet. Mr. Whitney is an estimable gentleman who, as a national public officer, has all his spurs to win. His appointment has excited the most surprise and controversy, and its wisdom must be determined by the event. With these counsellors, deliberately chosen after much consultation and reflection, President Cleveland enters upon his great task with a general persuasion of his strong common-sense, his clear convictions, firmness, and courage, and an executive ability and independence which have been amply proved. The Independent Republican support which he received is a sign of the political situation whose significance neither he nor his friends disregard. The knowledge of that support, and of the spirit from which it sprang, will undoubtedly tend to strengthen the Administration in refusing to yield to the reckless party pressure which it will encounter. It was a support given to prevent certain results, and to secure certain others, and those who gave it will naturally be quick to see whether they are likely to be disappointed. But even disappointment would produce no regret for their part in preventing the results which they deprecated, and they certainly would not hesitate to express their disappointment should occasion arise. Meanwhile they will cordially sustain the Administration in fulfilling the just expectations of intelligent and patriotic citizens.

GENERAL GRANT.

THE last act of the late House of Representatives recalls the remark made upon Charles II., that no act of his life so became him as his departure from it. At the last moment Mr. Randall asked unanimous consent to take up the Grant retirement bill, and amid general excitement and acclamation the bill was taken up and passed by a vote of 198 to 78. It was sent immediately to the Senate, where it had been already unanimously adopted. The President was in waiting to see his successor sworn in. He signed the bill, and returned it to the Senate, with a message which he said, although of an executive character, might be read in open session. The message contained the nomination of General Grant to the retired list of the army as General, with the full pay of his rank. The President of the Senate said that the nomination would be considered in open session. He put the question. There was one loud response of "Aye," in which Republicans and Democrats, rebel brigadiers and Union soldiers, heartily joined, and there was no voice in opposition.

The nomination was the last act of the Republican President, and the unanimous confirmation followed fittingly the recent letter of General Grant, which breathed a patriotic spirit of good-will to every part of the country. The action of Congress is a just and timely recognition of the great services which he has rendered, and an expression of the national gratitude which will be perennial. The active life of General Grant is closed, and the announcement of his illness has caused universal and profound regret and sympathy. Party passion and animosity disappear, and his fellow-citizens recall only his illustrious services. Even his opponents in the field acknowledge the honorable generosity of their treatment by him, and their cordial participation in the honor conferred upon him is worthy of the American character and name.

It has fallen to Mr. Randall to be the leader of Congressional action at two very different and memorable moments. As Speaker of the House during the disputed election of 1876, his wise and patriotic conduct saved the country from civil convulsion. As leader of the House in 1885, he has prevented a national disgrace. Both incidents are striking illustrations of the power of patriotism as against mere party spirit, and the admirable appeal of the President in his inaugural address followed happily upon the action of Congress, and recalled the earnest warning of the first President. "The best results," says President Cleveland, "in the operations of government, wherein every citizen has a share, largely depend upon a proper limitation of purely partisan zeal and effort, and a correct appreciation of the time when the heat of the partisan should be merged in the patriotism of the citizen."

REBEL BRIGADIERS.

THE good people who during the campaign bitterly deplored the possible election of Mr. Cleveland as "bringing the rebellion into the government," will perhaps shudder to see the names of Mr. Lamar and Mr. Garland in the list of the cabinet. Both of them were undeniably "Rebel Brigadiers." But there is still balm in Gilead, for so were Mr. Key and General Longstreet and many others who were "recognized" by Republican Administrations, and who were certainly much more satisfactory than "Copperheads" of any kind would have been.

Of the fidelity of Mr. Lamar and Mr. Garland to the Union and the government there is no more question than of the fidelity of Mr. Manning and Mr. Endicott, or than there was of the fidelity of Patrick Henry and Robert R. Livingston when President Washington asked one to be Secretary of State and the other to be Minister to France, although both had been opposed to the adoption of the Constitution. WASHINGTON refused to be governed by the views of those purblind patriots who insisted that in forming the government no man who had been opposed to the adoption of the Constitution should be appointed to office, and the first Collector of the Port of New York under the government was Colonel JOHN LAMB, who had strenuously opposed the new system. WASHINGTON'S question was not whether they had been hostile before the adoption, but whether they were friendly after the adoption. This was the rule of common-sense, and one of the good practical results to be anticipated from the issue of the late election is the consciousness of honest Confederates that their attitude in the war twenty years ago is not of itself a bar to participation in the administration.

A feeling of practical proscription is incompatible with hearty co-operation, and since the restoration of the Brigadiers to Congress and to other important places, any serious distrust is in fact obsolete. The wretched efforts to rekindle the passions of the war which have been shown in a few papers were very justly rebuked by General GRANT in his late letter to the united camp of Union and Confederate soldiers. Indeed, it is not among the soldiers on either side, but by the poorer kind of politicians, that the attempt is made to conduct the politics of to-day upon any aspect of the issues of the war. The great contest and its causes and significance will not be forgotten, and its lessons will be duly heeded. But the politics that consists in describing the citizens of the Southern States as rebels is confined to a very few and very foolish people.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE COMMONS.

A CAREFUL analysis of the vote in the House of Commons upon the motion of censure of the GLADSTONE government shows that an important body of Liberals did not support the ministers, and that a considerable number who voted against the censure do not support the ministerial policy, so far as it is known, but, in a choice of what seem to them evils, prefer Mr. GLADSTONE and the Liberals to Lord SALISBURY and the Tories. The London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, who was formerly a warm and steadfast friend of Mr. GLADSTONE, but is now a resolute opponent, and who is described by the *Evening Post* as a fine old Tory squire, calls the result of the late vote a moral defeat of the ministry. Other accounts from London also speak of its probable resignation at an early day. But the ministry itself has apparently decided not to take this course, and until it is actually condemned by an adverse majority it is justifiable in retaining power, since it is now doing what the opinion of the country undoubtedly demands.

Lord SALISBURY'S speech forecasts the Tory policy as the old Jingo policy. He apparently contemplates an occupation of the Soudan for the maintenance of "British interests," which is the Jingo catch-word, and counts upon indignation with the Liberals for the death of GORDON and the humiliation of the British name as the ground of Tory support. But however angry England may be, it can hardly think of undertaking an African India, and especially at the moment when its Asian India is openly menaced by Russia. There is one thing which would undoubtedly overthrow the GLADSTONE ministry, and that is a general conviction that it was wholly unable to deal with the foreign situation. *Punch*, which has also turned against the ministry, represents Mr. GLADSTONE as rallying his band for a last stand, not upon any principle or policy, but simply under the banner of the G. O. M.—the grand old man.

When this picture expresses the general feeling that the ministry has no policy and no courage, nothing but an ineffective great man at its head, the question will not be whether Lord SALISBURY could do better, but whether anybody could do worse. But this question can not be asked when every military resource is strained to the utmost, and when the most popular and trusted general, with absolute discretion, is at the head of the army in the Soudan. Lord SALISBURY could do no more than re-enforce Lord WOLSELEY, and that Mr. GLADSTONE is doing with all the power of the government. In the present condition of feeling in Parliament, however, and with the chance at any moment of news of serious disaster in the Soudan, or of Russian hostile advances upon the Indian frontier, the small majority which sustained the GLADSTONE cabinet may be swept away, and the Queen may send for Lord SALISBURY, with a sigh that it is not Lord BEACONSFIELD.

MR. FISKE'S LECTURES.

MR. JOHN FISKE has begun the delivery at Chickering Hall of a course of thirteen lectures upon *The Story of the American Revolution*, and a more valuable and interesting series has not been presented to public attention. To a thorough and scholarly mastery of the subject, Mr. FISKE adds a literary style which is vigorous, racy, and picturesque; and he is also an admirable speaker.

The lectures are delivered on Tuesdays and Thursdays at eleven o'clock in the morning, and the course tickets are but six dollars. For young persons who are interested, as all young Americans ought to be, in the history of their country, no more delightful hour could be passed than that of these lectures.

Mr. FISKE, whose portrait was recently published in the WEEKLY, is one of the most generally accomplished of American scholars, to whose incisive and delightful pen the American reader is indebted for his introduction to many of the most interesting fields of modern study. His latest work is a little volume upon *American Political Ideas*, just issued by the HARPERS, in which, under the heads of the Town-Meeting, the Federal Union, and Manifest Destiny, he shows the processes of political development in the country. It is an interesting little book, which is unlike any other, and which illustrates admirably the ample knowledge and charming manner of the author.

GOOD WORDS.

ON the 10th of December, 1878, General GARFIELD said in the House of Representatives what is quite as true now as then, and it may be profitably remembered. Six years before that time, indeed, Mr. GREELEY and a considerable number of Republicans held the same views still more strongly, and were willing, by defeating General GRANT, to bring the Democratic party of that day into power.

These were the words of General GARFIELD, and they express the feeling of those who wish well to the new Administration:

> "So far as I have studied the current of public thought and of public feeling in this country, no feeling has shown itself more strongly than the tendency of the public mind in the last few months. The man who attempts to get up a political excitement in this country on the old sectional issues will find himself without a party and without support. The man who wants to serve his country must put himself in a line with its leading thought, and that is the restoration of business, trade, commerce, industry, sound political economy, hard money, and honest payment of all obligations; and the man who can add anything in the direction of the accomplishment of any of these purposes is a public benefactor."

There are important and difficult questions in the Southern States, but the wise settlement of them will be prevented, not hastened, by the careful cultivation of a dull sectional animosity.

MEDICAL ETHICS.

THE "old code" of medical ethics, in so far as it respects the standard of professional qualification, has been the subject of angry controversy. But in some other respects there can, we should imagine, be no dispute that the old code of professional behavior is preferable to the innovations that have lately been made upon it.

The statute of New York merely enforces the unwritten law which makes the relation of physician and patient a confidential relation when it lays down that no physician shall be "allowed" to disclose, even in a court of justice, any fact which was made known to him in order that he might intelligently treat a patient. What the law does not permit to be done in the interest of public justice most certainly should not be done in the private interest of a physician who may find it advantageous to advertise his connection as a specialist with a celebrated case. It is perhaps not to be expected that the newspapers which profit by this professional incontinence should rebuke it, but it should not escape censure.

Even public men have a right to privacy in their personal relations, though it be a right which a considerable portion of the press does not hold itself bound to respect. The details of a painful and terrible illness are not less sacred because the sufferer is so eminent a man that the curiosity of fifty millions of people may be gratified by a disclosure of those details.

LONGFELLOW'S BIRTHDAY.

THE last number of the Bowdoin *Orient*, published by the students of Bowdoin College, which was LONGFELLOW'S *alma mater*, was issued upon his birthday, February 27, and is devoted to tributes to the poet. The larger part of them are from his class-mates or pupils, and they are remarkable as showing the profound impression of urbanity, refinement, and manliness which was always produced by the young student or teacher.

There is no more interesting incident in our collegiate annals than the appearance of LONGFELLOW at Bowdoin at the height of his fame to read a poem upon the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation. The scene is recalled, and its details are commemorated by several of the contributors to the *Orient*. There were eleven of his class-mates, all of whom had completed their seventy years, who sat by his side as he read the poem in the old church, which was crowded with eager listeners, and none of the eleven could have found in the famous man of threescore any change in the kindly dignity and modest manliness of their virtually unknown comrade of sixty years before.

The Maine Historical Society has just unveiled at Portland a duplicate of the bust of LONGFELLOW in Westminster Abbey, and Harvard University has also received one. The memorial which was proposed to be erected in Cambridge is delayed, but the affectionate remembrance of the poet and the man will not perish, and his pure and beautiful song is his enduring monument.

THE EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.

WHILE the military news from the Soudan interests the world, the noiseless labors of scholars still proceed. The explorations of last season in the Delta and "the land of Goshen" are continued with an energy and skill likely to produce results of the greatest value to historical and Biblical knowledge as well as to classical geography and archæological art. The discovery of "Pithom," built by the Israelites, and the disclosures at Safi (the Biblican Zoan), are already supplemented this season by the discovery by Mr. PETRIE of the site of the long-lost Greek emporium in Egypt, Naukratis, of which Professor SAYCE writes the *Academy*. And M. NAVILLE, prior to his search for "Raamses," the other store-city built by the Hebrews, is diligently studying the exodus route, and examining historical remains of the Hyksos dynasty in Egypt.

The Egypt Exploration Fund is engaged in a work which comprehends a varied and most interesting series of labors for archæology and art—Hellenism, Egyptian history, Biblical confirmations and elucidations, and for the important object of furnishing materials for a reliable, classical, and Biblical atlas. The ablest English scholars are on the committee of the Fund, and Mr. PETRIE and M. NAVILLE, who conduct the explorations, with M. MASPERO as their adviser, are distinguished practical archæologists. Of the two hundred and twenty-five American contributors to the work, a considerable number are representative men in poetry, science, education, and literature, including several eminent bishops in the Episcopal Church. The society appeals for aid in the continuance of its work. The memoirs and elaborate reports will be of great value and interest. Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL is a vice-president of the society, and the Rev. WILLIAM C. WINSLOW (429 Beacon Street, Boston), honorary treasurer, should be addressed for a circular and other information on the subject.

PERSONAL.

AFTER the lapse of more than thirty years the silver cup won by the yacht *America* in a race round the Isle of Wight will be competed for in American waters. The only surviving donor of that cup, Mr. GEORGE L. SCHUYLER, said recently that in that race "the Earl of Hilton furnished us with a pilot for whose skill and faithfulness he made himself responsible. I could mention other instances of courtesy and kindness. I refer to them because they show the genuine interest that all true sportsmen take in each other, and because I am sure that such is the feeling here toward those gentlemen who are coming to wrest from us, if they can, our well-won trophy."

—HARRY HOWARD, whose career as chief of the old Volunteer Fire Department was the most picturesque in the annals of that organization, led the procession of the surviving members of the department which left this city to attend the inauguration of Mr. CLEVELAND. The *esprit de corps* of the fire-laddies is on the increase. They have now three active organizations—the Firemen's Ball Committee, the Association of Exempt Firemen, and the Volunteer Firemen's Association; and a few evenings ago, when they paraded up Fourth Avenue, drawing one of the original hand-engines, and arrayed in a gay uniform of the old *régime*, immense crowds lined the sidewalks and cheered them with ancient enthusiasm.

—A New Orleans correspondent pleasantly advises any one coming to the great Southern Exposition on a pleasure-trip "to come in a private car, or, better still, in a yacht, or else to come only for a flying trip, disembarrassed of invalids or children."

—M. DE LESSEPS'S boys are capital riders, and attract much attention in the Bois de Boulogne, where they appear almost daily in the company of their venerable father, whose condition recalls Dr. HOLMES'S old saying that on horseback a man's system becomes clarified because his liver goes up and down like the handle of a churn.

—Dr. MASSON, Professor of English Literature in the University of Edinburgh, has been telling his students that Mr. FROUDE has published a great deal about Mr. CARLYLE that ought not to have been published. "If CARLYLE had the right to leave himself for dissection, he had no right to leave his wife also for dissection."

—The school-children of Woodson County, Kansas, recently celebrated "Kansas-day," and Mr. JOHN G. WHITTIER wrote them a letter, in which he said: "No State, not even one of the 'Old Thirteen,' has a nobler record. In freeing herself from the curse of slavery, Kansas freed the nation. Her martyrs did not die in vain. As one of those who sympathized with her in her trial and suffering, I rejoice in her present prosperity and commanding position in the Union."

—General GRANT'S physicians now express their belief that the disease from which he has been suffering for the last eight months—cancer of the tongue—is incurable, and that though he may live several months longer, he is likely to succumb much sooner to exhaustion. He is very weak, and has no appetite. The origin of the disease is enveloped in mystery, but they distinctly assert that it is not attributable to his use of tobacco.

—The widow of Dr. PAVY, of the GREELY expedition, writes that she is in financial straits, "having but little income the past two and a half years, and having not a cent of my husband's salary. Two banks, which kindly made loans, are now pressing me. I can not meet the amounts without immediate help. The government holds back the salary which belongs to me."

—The Rev. Dr. VERMILYE has been chaplain of the St. Nicholas Society for forty-four years. He is now eighty-two. The members of the society are all descendants of the Dutch founders of this city, who—to use the language of Mr. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW at its centennial dinner—"so builded their part of our grand temple of liberty as to deserve the undying affection and reverence of their descendants and the respect and gratitude of the world."

—In the death of FRANCIS SAMUEL DRAKE, the historian, which took place at Washington on Washington's Birthday, the cause of American letters suffers a loss notable in proportion to the great gain it has received from his trusty and experienced pen. He will long be known by his *Indian History for Young Folks*, his *Dictionary of American Biography*, and his *Life of General Henry Knox*. His brother is SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE, also a well-known author, and his father was SAMUEL GARDNER DRAKE, long a recognized authority on the biography and folk-lore of the North American Indians.

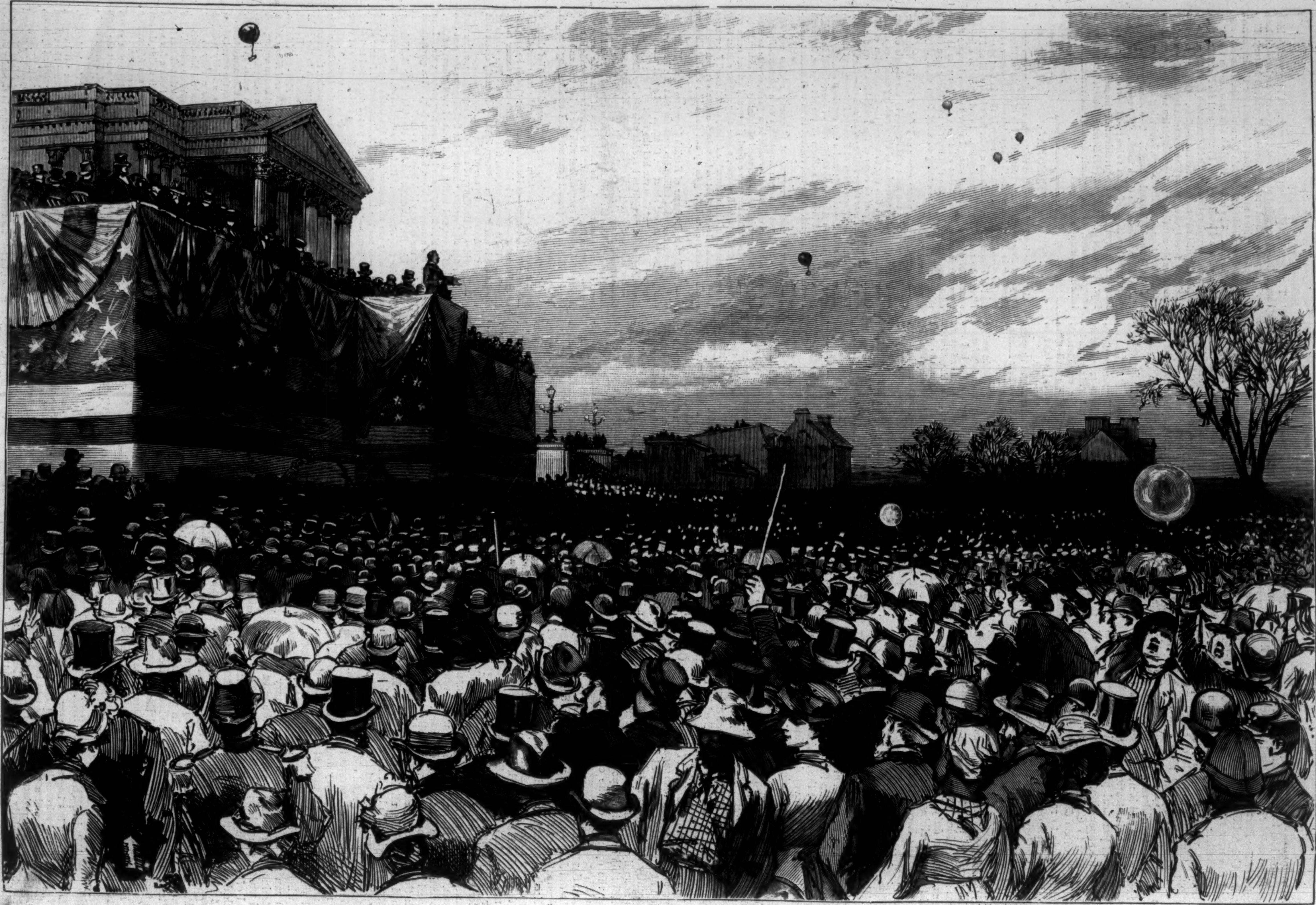
—A pleasant feature of the Tenth Annual Commencement of the American Veterinary College in this city was the award of the first honor gold medal to HARU TAKA YOKURA, a highly polished young gentleman from Japan, who came to this country to study at the instance of his government, and who received his diploma, amid much applause, in the presence of the Japanese consul. He bids fair to be a good card for his *alma mater* in that distant land.

—The gypsy king, PAUL RACZ, was buried at Pesth a few weeks ago. He was a famous violinist as well, and all his violins, draped in black, accompanied his body, while the hearse was followed by a dozen Hungarian gypsy bands with draped instruments.

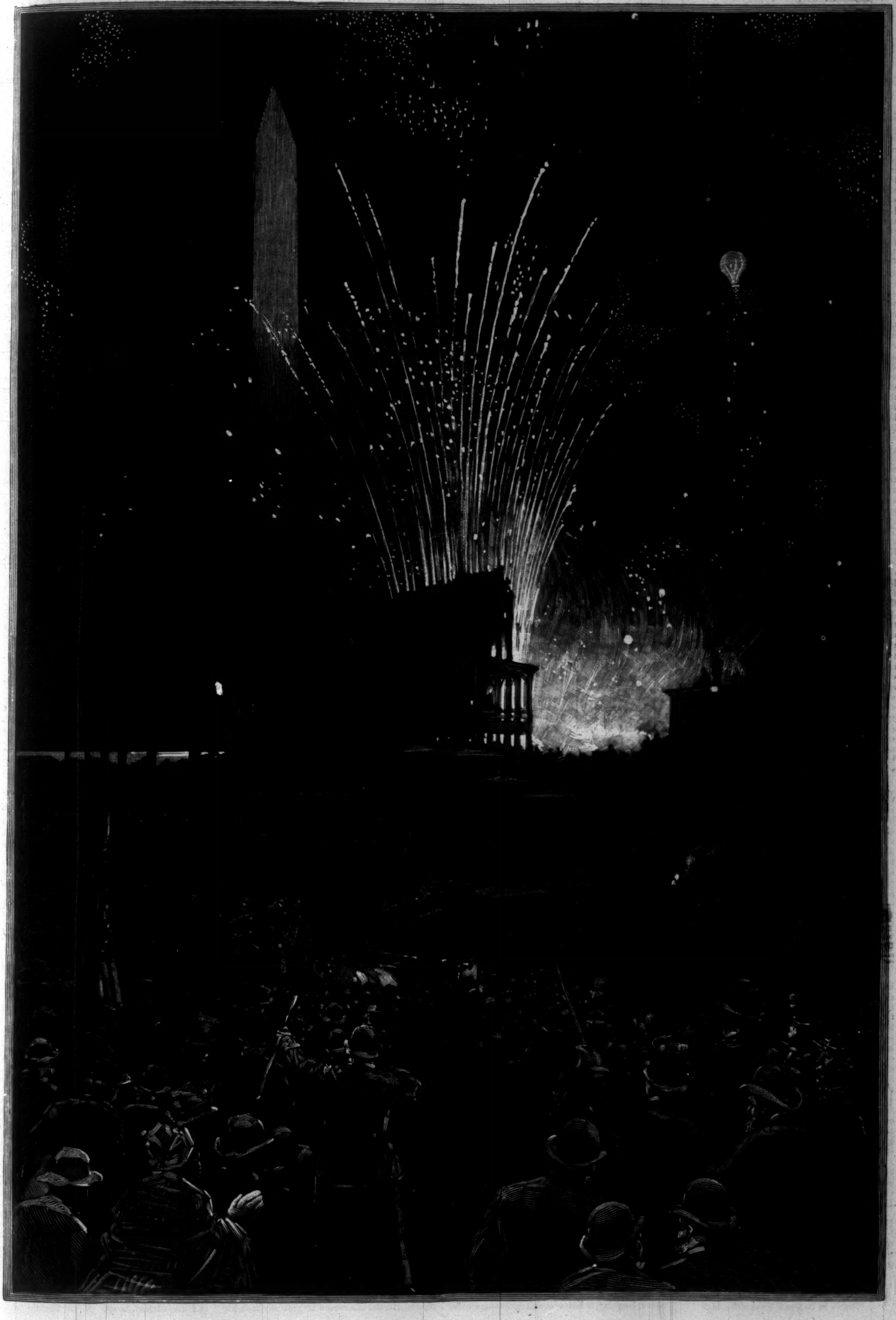
—Senator WILLIAM M. EVARTS expresses the hope that at the end of his official term, six years hence, he may meet the Yale alumni at a reception in honor of Mr. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW as his successor.

—The late Professor JAMES CLERK MAXWELL, of Cambridge University, England, said on his death-bed to a friend: "Old chap, I have read up many queer religions; there is nothing like the old thing, after all. I have looked into most philosophical systems, and I have seen none that will work without a God."

—It is not true that Mr. HENRY VILLARD is building a railroad in Russia. When he left this country, after the fall of Northern Pacific, he told his friends that his absence in Germany would be for purposes of rest and of educating his children. It is to these ends that he is addressing himself. His magnificent new mansion on Madison Avenue, opposite the marble cathedral, still untenanted, awaits his return.



THE INAUGURATION—MR. CLEVELAND DELIVERING THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup and Charles Graham.—[See Page 170.]



THE INAUGURATION—NIGHT SCENE NEAR THE WHITE HOUSE.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup and Charles Graham.—[See Page 170.]

ADRIAN VIDAL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF “MATRIMONY,” “MDLLE. DE MERSAC,” “THIRLBY HALL,” ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN AWKWARD ENCOUNTER.

To be the author of a novel which for a few months is in everybody’s hands is, after all, no great matter. Very many persons have accomplished that much and have continued in a state of social obscurity from which it has occurred to nobody to drag them. But Adrian Vidal, having certain special circumstances in his favor, neither desired nor was suffered to remain obscure. When the east winds of spring were blowing clouds of smoke from the city, and of dust along Piccadilly; when the black trees in the London squares were beginning to show touches of green here and there; and when people who had daughters to present were coming up for the first Drawing Rooms of the season, this fortunate young writer found himself so much in request that he could hardly have been made more of if he had been a successful general or a popular actor. He assured Clare, laughingly, that he never before had any conception of the number of people that there were in London, or of the quantity of entertainments that they gave. He did not weary of dinners and compliments, and it must be owned that he could swallow a large share of both without risk of indigestion. The stereotyped phrases; the smiling countenances which were so curiously like one another; the letters from unknown correspondents, which probably every novelist receives, and which begin with, “Dear Sir,—Although personally a stranger to you, I can not resist,” etc.—all these things were a delight to him. He estimated them neither above nor below their proper value, but took them for just what they were worth—evidences that he had given pleasure to a certain number of his fellow-creatures; that he had amused, and had not bored them. And that, when all has been said upon the subject that can be said, remains the chief aim of fiction. Vidal was satisfied with his attainment of it. He felt that he owed a debt of gratitude to a world which had brought him so much happiness and which he so sincerely loved. To have partly discharged that debt by the exercise of the humble talents with which the gods had gifted him was surely something. And being in this mood of universal benevolence, it was only in the nature of things that he should find his good-will reflected back upon him; so that, for the time being, he wended his way along a flowery path, thinking no evil and fearing none.

But, alas! What is one man’s meat is another man’s poison, and the bricks and mortar which are so dear to some of us are mere prison walls to others. In the full swing of excitements that to her were no longer exciting, in the heated, scented atmosphere of ball-rooms, and amid the ceaseless chatter of tongues and clatter of knives and forks, Clare was pining for the Cornish moors, and for a breath of the pure salt air that sweeps over them from the Atlantic. Trite modes of speech did not come to her easily; she had not acquired the art of conversation as it is understood by those who have few interests in common; glad as she was that her husband should be appreciated, the perpetual eulogy of his work ended by palling upon her. Thus, although Mrs. Vidal’s beauty was undeniable, it was pretty generally agreed that there was not much in her. That, under these circumstances, she should have been a good deal left to herself was not surprising, and gave her little concern. What did cause her something like an incipient heartache was the fear, which she could not always stifle, that Adrian was slowly but surely drifting away from her. To all outward appearance he was as fond of her as he had ever been; she had nothing to complain of in the way of words or looks. But had not that subtle inward change already set in?—that change which none can welcome and none resist—the change from the love of the lover to the love of the husband. She was afraid of it; she did not know how to arrest it; she grudged the long hours spent away from home, and the solitude *à deux* which he seemed to regret so little.

One evening she was at a crowded party, looking pale and languid, and longing for Adrian to give her his customary signal to retreat, when, among the strange faces that surrounded her, there suddenly appeared one which brought a faint tinge of color into her own. She had not seen Mr. Wilbraham since he had parted from her on the quay at Lucerne; her final rejection of his offer had been conveyed by post, and had elicited only a brief reply, in which the writer had expressed himself with something of the formality of one who suspects that he has been supplanted. With that he had passed out of her thoughts and, as she supposed, out of her life forever. But now here he was standing before her, and for a moment she hesitated whether to greet him or not. It was only for a moment. Reflecting that this might probably be but the first of many such encounters, and that it would be very stupid to create an awkwardness at the outset, she advanced a step or two, holding out her hand and saying: “How do you do, Mr. Wilbraham? I am so glad to meet you again.”

Wilbraham started, and looked at her fixedly. He was a tall, well-built man, with a healthy, red-brown complexion, and did not bear the appearance of being consumed by a hopeless passion. “I don’t know that I am glad,” he answered, gravely.

However, he took her hand, and then, as she retreated toward the sofa from which she had just risen, he followed her and seated himself in the vacant place by her side. There was an uncomfortable pause of a few seconds; after which Wilbraham said: “I didn’t mean to be rude, Mrs. Vidal; but if I was, perhaps you will forgive me. Some people can suffer in silence; I can’t. So after this I sha’n’t often speak to you, and you will understand why.”

Clare began to wish that she had contented herself with bowing to her former admirer. “I was very sorry,” she murmured, not knowing well what to say.

“Oh, you couldn’t help it. It was my misfortune, but nobody’s fault. We won’t talk about that. They are making a lion of your husband, I hear.”

“Almost too much of a lion,” answered Clare, with a laugh and a sigh. “I don’t care for such constant racketing about; although of course I am glad to think that his book has succeeded beyond our utmost hopes. Have you read it?”

“Yes; I read it,” replied Wilbraham, with a certain hesitation. His manner said so clearly, “And I didn’t like it,” that Clare rather indignantly asked, “*Why* didn’t you like it?”

“I did—in a way. I thought it a capital story, and very well written—only I wish he hadn’t put you into it.”

“Put me into it? I don’t understand you,” said Clare.

Wilbraham stared. “Do you mean to tell me that you don’t recognize yourself in the heroine? Why, it is you to the life!”

“I am sure you are mistaken,” answered Clare. “The heroine is a thousand times too good for me, and I don’t think it would ever have struck Adrian to take me as his model. But if he had, I should have been very much flattered. It would have been a great compliment.”

“Ah, well; perhaps so,” said Wilbraham. “I am prejudiced, I suppose; but to me there is something unpleasant in the idea of setting up a picture of your wife for the public to gape at. That is the worst of authors and artists. They lead a sort of double life, and in most cases, I think, the public half of it engrosses them more than the private. Everything that they see and hear, and everything that happens to them, is so much material to be worked up for future sale. I doubt whether their wives are often happy women.”

Clare was ready to pardon a good deal in Mr. Wilbraham, to whom she was conscious that she had not behaved over and above well; but this speech seemed to her to border upon impertinence, and it was with an air of cold surprise that she answered, “I assure you I am perfectly happy.”

It was on the tip of her companion’s tongue to retort, “You don’t look so;” but he forbore. All that he said, after a short interval of silence, was: “You see, Mrs. Vidal, it doesn’t do for me to talk to you. I can’t keep my lips from evil-speaking. If I were magnanimous, I should congratulate you and say something pretty about your husband; but I suppose I am not magnanimous. Honestly, I don’t like your husband; though I don’t know him. And I don’t want to know him.”

It was at this opportune juncture that Vidal approached the sofa upon which his wife was seated. He had recognized, not without some inward amusement, the broad shoulders which he had first seen from the window of his bedroom at Lucerne, and which had caused him to pass a bad five minutes there. He was glad to see that no ill feeling existed between Clare and her rejected suitor; and so far was he from suspecting that gentleman’s uncompromising hostility himself that he had strolled up for the express purpose of obtaining an introduction to him.

After what Wilbraham had said, Clare was not very willing to perform this ceremony; but when the two men were standing side by side she could hardly help making them known to each other, and she did so accordingly. Adrian bowed and half held out his hand, but withdrew it on perceiving that the other made no corresponding motion. He did not, however, imagine that Wilbraham intended to be unfriendly.

“We have met before,” he said, pleasantly, “though only for a moment. You were at Lucerne last year, you know, and so was I; but I think you didn’t stay more than one night.”

“I heard afterward that you had been there,” answered Mr. Wilbraham, stiffly; “I didn’t see you at the time. I think I must be moving on now, Mrs. Vidal; it’s getting late. Good-night.” He shook hands with Clare, favored her husband with a nod and a grunt, and made his way toward the door.

“Your friend may have many sterling qualities, but his manners are not prepossessing,” remarked Adrian, with a laugh, when he and his wife were at home again.

Clare was lying back in a low arm-chair, her cheek supported by her hand. She glanced up, half apprehensively, at her husband, who was refreshing himself with a cooling drink after the fatigues of the evening. “He was rather grumpy,” she said; “but you know, dear, you couldn’t expect him to take very kindly to you just at first, could you?”

Vidal threw up his eyes and his hands. “Oh, the vanity of these women! Do you suppose, madam, that that hale and hearty Philistine is pining away because you wouldn’t marry him? Do you think, pray, that after this long interval of time he is still in love with you?”

“I know he is,” replied Clare, quietly, “because he told me so.”

“He did, did he? Upon my word, you are a nice young woman! May I ask whether this is the sort of discourse that you are in the habit of listening to when you retire so modestly into the background at evening parties? One more illusion gone! I shall never believe in the pristine innocence of Cornwall again.”

“Oh, Adrian!” exclaimed Clare, in a low voice.

Her face was shaded by her hand. He stooped down, laughing, to look at it, and saw, to his amazement, that her lips were quivering, and that two big tears were ready to fall from her eyelashes. “Why, my dear child,” he cried, “what *is* the matter? You can’t think that I meant anything more than the most harmless of small jokes! As if I wouldn’t trust you with a thousand Wilbrahams! Good Heavens! Clare, what absurd notion have you got into your head?”

He was sorry that he should unwittingly have distressed her; but he was also just a little bit provoked. To the male mind nothing is more incomprehensible than those sudden, causeless bursts of emotion in which women find relief for feelings of which we have no experience. A man doesn’t, as a rule, shed tears unless he has something to cry about.

Clare made no reply, but when her husband bent over her and kissed her on the forehead, she placed her hands upon his shoulders and forced him gently down on to a footstool beside her. Then she threw her arms round his neck and began to weep hysterically. “It’s very silly, I know,” she sobbed out; “but I can’t help it—I am so tired! Adrian, I want to ask you something—it was something Mr. Wilbraham said—and I am sure he didn’t think it would hurt me—but he was talking about your book, and he said—he said the heroine was like me.”

Adrian could not help laughing a little. “I am afraid I must plead guilty to having occasionally thought the same thing myself,” he answered. “My heroine was intended to be as near perfection as possible, and I suppose that is why I have sometimes compared her to you in my mind. Was that an offense?”

“Oh no; only he said—and I remember having heard that before—that authors live as much in their books as in real life; and perhaps—perhaps in the long-run they get to care about the books most. The people in the books don’t worry them; they don’t make fools of themselves, and cry about nothing; when they are bores they can be put away on the shelf—” Clare broke off, straightened herself a little in her chair, and looked into her husband’s face. “I don’t want to lose you!” she exclaimed, piteously.

Well, certainly this was rather ridiculous. If your wife is to begin being jealous of fictitious personages, where is she likely to stop? “Really, Clare,” remonstrated Adrian, “you are not reasonable. What do you wish me to do? To give up writing novels altogether?”

“No, no!” she answered, drying her eyes; “of course not. I know I am not reasonable, and I can’t say what I wish. Don’t mind me.”

“Come,” said Adrian, “there is something more than this upon your mind, only you won’t speak it out, because you are a little goose.” He put his arm round her and drew her head down upon his shoulder. “Tell me all about it,” he whispered.

But Clare could not tell him all about it just at once. It was only by degrees and with some incoherence that she confessed her various troubles—her wish that they could be more together, her dread of the allurements of society, and so forth. “Sometimes horrid thoughts come into my mind,” she murmured, “and I can’t drive them away. You know so much more of the world than I do; and—and what your mother said at Brighton—”

“What did my mother say?” interrupted Adrian, with a shade of sternness in his voice.

“Nothing that I ought to have given a second thought to. It was only about your having had some flirtations before you were married. I suppose all men have flirtations. But she said that, as it happened so often, it was sure to happen again.”

The young man rose to his feet, and took a turn or two up and down the room. He was thinking how thankful he ought to be to Heaven for having given him so amiable and considerate a mother. It also occurred to him that a little more trust on the part of his wife would not have been amiss. “Clare,” he said, gently, at length, “don’t you think it will be time enough to distress yourself and me when I have given you some cause to do so?”

The justice of this plea was not to be denied. Clare admitted herself in the wrong, and begged forgiveness. “Please, Adrian, don’t think any more about what I said,” she entreated. “I will never do it again if I can help it. I shouldn’t have done it now if I had been myself; but I am not well.”

In truth she was not well, and there were reasons for this with which Adrian was acquainted—reasons which were doubtless sufficient to account for a little fancifulness, and also to render overfatigue an undesirable thing for the patient. After that evening Mrs. Vidal went no more into society, the doctor having advised fresh air and early hours. Adrian offered to refuse all invitations for the future; but perhaps he was not very sorry that his wife would not hear of his making such a sacrifice.

“It wouldn’t be a sacrifice,” he said; “but I am not sure that I should be quite wise to let myself be forgotten. These people are my public, you see, and I want to stand well with them. Great novelists—men who appeal to the passions and emotions that are common to all humanity—can afford to snap their fingers at the fashionable world. They are always sure of a hearing. But it isn’t so with me; or at any rate if it has been so in the case of one novel, it is not likely to be so again. I can’t hope to be found permanently interesting outside a certain circle; and within the limits of that circle I shall be ten times more read if I go about and show myself than I should be if I were never seen.”

Fortified by this reasoning, in which it must be admitted that there was a germ of truth, Mr. Vidal continued to be a welcome guest at the houses of the rich and great, and his wife did not vex him with any repetition of the painful and uncalled-for scene which has just been described. In the afternoons he generally took her out for a walk or a drive; in the mornings he worked hard; and often, when he came in late at night, he would sit up for an hour or two, correcting and revising what he had written. He had composed his article for the first number of the *Anglo-Saxon*, which was just about to appear, and had been blandly congratulated upon it by the editor of that journal. The hurry and stress of his life, which to many men would have been simply unendurable, suited him exactly. He throve under it both in health and spirits; he would not have changed places with the most wealthy of his entertainers—in short, he was at this time so perfectly prosperous and happy that, if he had been of a superstitious turn, he might have feared that some misfortune was in store for him.

By way of proof that the lot of no mortal is wholly exempt from care, a rather disagreeable thing happened to him, late one afternoon as he was leaving his club. Some one who had seen him enter that establishment a quarter of an hour before, and had loitered patiently up and down Pall Mall until he came out again, followed him as he hurried toward the St. James’s Park station of the underground railway, by which he was in the habit of returning homeward, and caught him up just after he had passed Marlborough House. She was a handsome, stoutish woman, with large black eyes and a fresh complexion. Her appearance was hardly that of a lady, although at a first glance she might almost have passed as one, for she was well and quietly dressed, and only certain deficiencies about the extremities would have betrayed her to one of her own sex. Her voice, too, when she addressed the object of her pursuit, was the voice of an educated person, harsh though it sounded at that particular moment.

“I’ve a word or two to say to you,” was her greeting, uttered somewhat imperiously, and she accompanied it by a smart tap upon Adrian’s arm which caused him to start and wheel round at once.

“Susan!” he exclaimed; and his tone expressed more astonishment than delight.

“Susan it is,” replied the woman with the black eyes. “Susan Bowman, at your service, Mr. Adrian Vidal.”

“Still Susan Bowman?” he asked, endeavoring to speak pleasantly.

“Still Susan Bowman, and likely to remain so—thanks to you.”

Vidal stroked his mustache and looked furtively up and down the Mall. He perceived that this interview was going to be a stormy one, and he had no wish to be accosted by any of his acquaintances while it lasted. “I am rather in a hurry,” he remarked; “still, if you really have anything particular to say to me, Susan—”

Susan nodded her head emphatically to signify that she had.

“Well, then, we may as well go into the Park and sit down. We can’t talk very comfortably here.”

“As you please,” returned the other. “I’m not ashamed to be seen by anybody; but I dare say you are. You’ve reason enough to feel ashamed of yourself, anyway.”

Vidal did not defend himself against this accusation. He led the way silently into St. James’s Park, sought out as sequestered a bench as could be found there, and when his companion was seated beside him, took up a conciliatory tone. “Now, Susan, I hope there is no reason why you and I should not talk together for a few minutes without quarrelling. I am sorry you think that I ought to be ashamed of myself—”

“Don’t *you* think so?” interrupted the woman, quietly.

“Yes,” answered Adrian, after a moment of consideration. “One ought always to be ashamed of having been a fool, and I certainly made a great fool of myself about you. But I suppose that is not what you mean.”

“Not exactly. What I mean is that, if you had any shame in you, you would be ashamed of having ruined a poor girl who trusted you too well.”

“That is nonsense,” returned Adrian, rather sharply, “and you know it. What is the use of saying such things?”

“Did you swear to me, over and over again, that you loved me?” demanded the woman.

“Yes; I’m afraid I did,” answered Adrian, with a retrospective shudder which he would have done more wisely to repress.

“Did you promise to marry me?”

“Oh yes.”

“And did you go back from your word and desert me?”

“I admit it all, Susan; I have never denied it. But that is not what is generally meant by ruining a girl.”

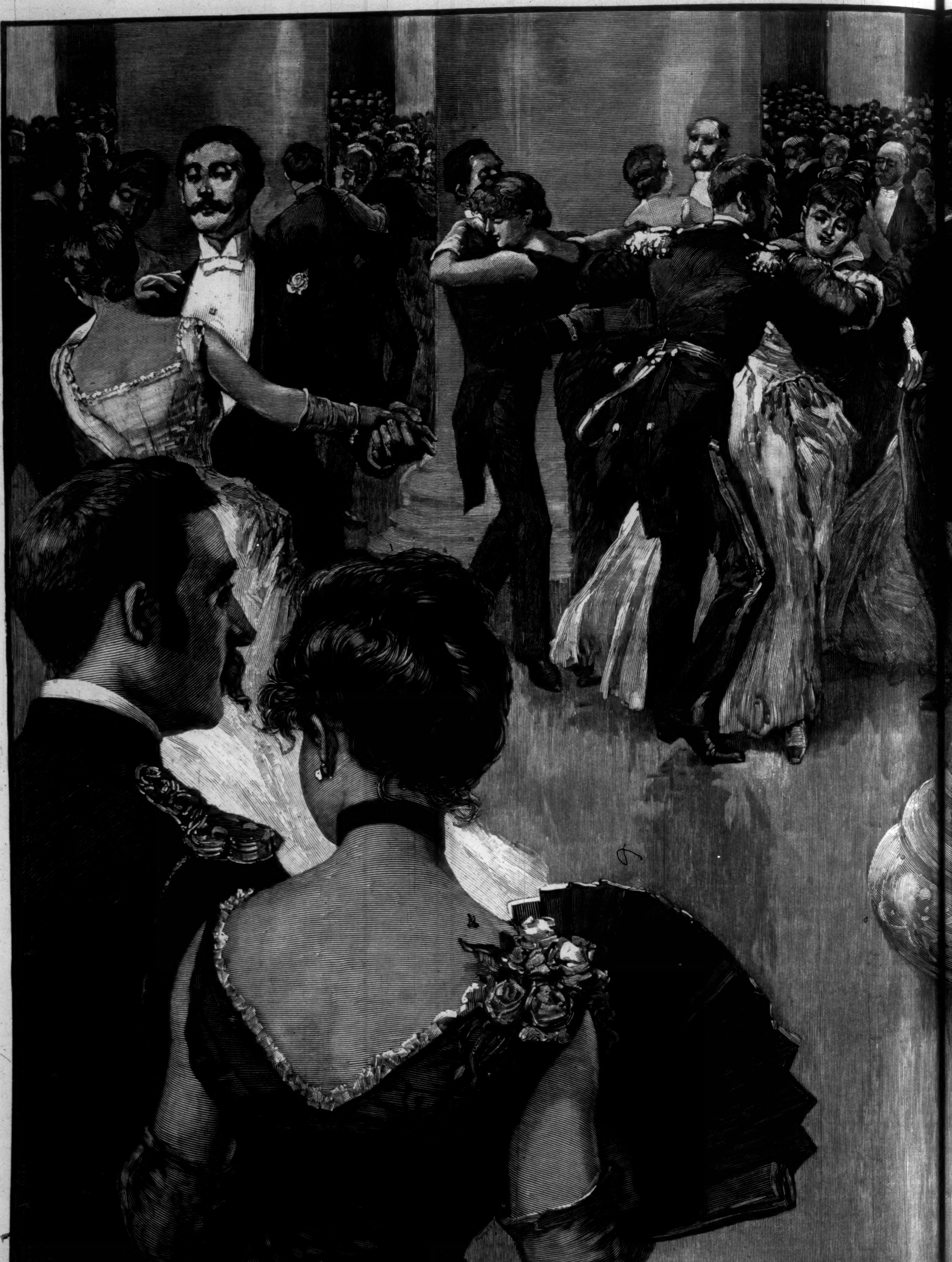
“Isn’t it, indeed?” retorted Susan, with a short laugh. “In my rank of life we think ourselves pretty well ruined when our character is taken away; and your mother turned me out-of-doors without a character. That was nothing to you, of course. You got rid of me, and it wasn’t worth while to inquire whether I starved, or what became of me. A lady’s-maid who is silly enough to believe in the honor of a gentleman deserves all that she gets. Isn’t that so?”

Adrian’s conscience smote him. He knew that this woman had been nothing but a schemer, and that he, when a raw lad, had only been saved from becoming her dupe by Heriot’s intervention. To say that he had deceived and deserted her was so misleading a statement of the truth as to be virtually false; but it was quite true that he had never troubled himself to ask or think about what her fate was likely to be, after she had been removed from his path; and this, now that he came to reflect upon it, did not seem to have been altogether creditable conduct.

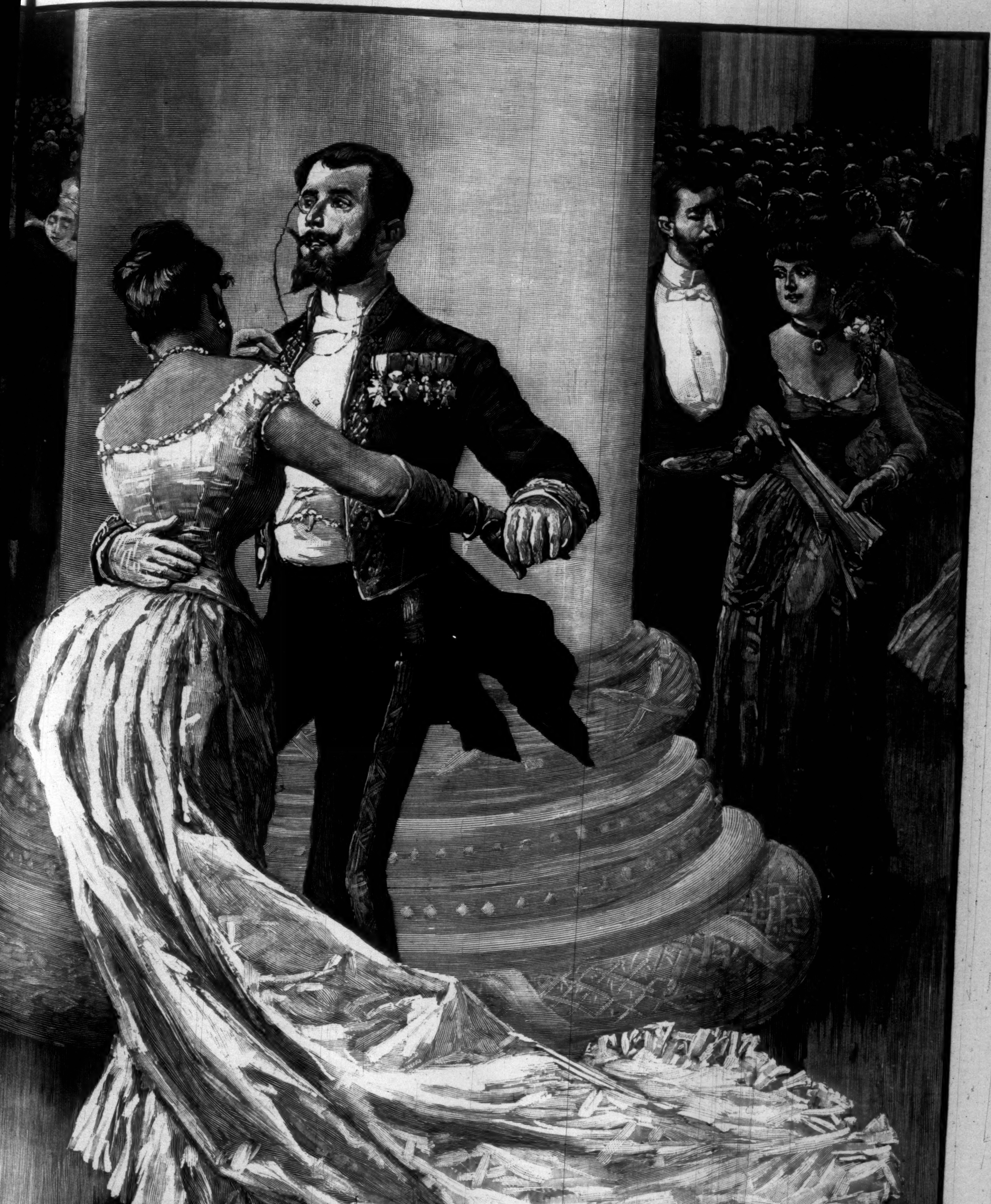
“Well, you know, Susan,” he said, “I acted as I was advised to act. It was thought better

---

* Begun in HARPER’S WEEKLY No. 1463.



THE INAUGURATION BALL.—Dra



T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 170.]

that I should break off all communication with you. I never supposed that my mother had refused to give you a character."

"I dare say she'd have told you if you'd asked her," observed Susan, curtly. "As for acting as you were advised, I wouldn't boast of that if I were you. Why didn't you take advice before you made love to me?"

Now, it was undoubtedly Susan who had initiated the love-making; but Adrian did not care to urge this or other pleas that might have been brought forward in his defense. "Let it be agreed that I behaved ill about the whole business," he said, a little impatiently. "I presume you haven't sought me out after all these years to reproach me with what is done and can't be undone. It would be more to the purpose to tell me whether I can be of any assistance to you in the present."

"Oh, I'm not in want of five shillings, thank you," answered Susan, with a harsh laugh. "I've supported myself up to now without your help, and I shouldn't wonder if I managed to go on. 'All these years,' indeed!—do you know what I've been doing all these years? Why, I've been educating myself to be fit to be your wife. Yes, I didn't give up hope; because, you see, I didn't know that your word counted for nothing. When we parted, you were too young to fight against your mother and your friends—Mr. Heriot showed me that plainly enough. I don't bear any malice against him; he treated me fairly, and helped me with money out of his own pocket; and it wasn't to be expected that he should wish you to marry a lady's-maid. But I thought to myself that things would be different some day. I've always been a little above the class that I was born into, and I knew that by the time you were able to think about marrying, I could make myself into as good a lady as any of them. And so— What are you laughing at?" she asked, interrupting herself, and fixing a pair of angry black eyes upon Adrian's face.

"I was not laughing," he said.

"You lie!" shouted the woman, with a sudden outbreak of ferocity. "I saw you laugh."

For a moment she looked very much as if she might be about to produce a knife or a revolver; but this mood left her as abruptly as it had come, and she went on in her former ironical tone: "Well, it *was* a curious notion for such a low-born creature to delude herself with; but I have been taken for a lady before now, all the same. I was in a situation as nursery-governess not so long ago."

"How on earth did you contrive that?" asked Adrian.

"Never you mind; that doesn't concern you. I didn't keep the situation long; but I gave it up of my own free-will, and I'm a lady's-maid again now because I prefer it. I've had my ups and downs, and more than once I've been nearer the work-house than I liked; but I kept a good heart through it all, till I heard of your marriage." She paused a moment, and then added, in a lower voice: "I heard it too late, or I'd have stopped it."

"It is absurd to talk like that," said Adrian. "You must know perfectly well that you couldn't have stopped it."

"Couldn't I? I should have tried, anyhow. You sit there, with your nose in the air, looking at me as if I were a beggar; but you can't have forgotten what we were to each other once. Do you remember holding me in your arms and kissing me and calling me your darling? Do you remember swearing that you would stick to me through thick and thin? Do you remember that?"

Well, he did remember it; and a most unpleasant recollection it was. He stole a glance at the handsome face beside him, which had once been more youthful, but which must always have been coarse, and the sense of shame and self-disgust which made him tingle all over was not of the kind that Susan desired to arouse in him. How Adrian, who was fastidious and refined in his tastes, had ever fallen in love with this dreadful person is one of those mysteries of human nature into which there is no occasion to pry too closely; but he had been in love with her, and he could not help being angry with her for reminding him of the fact in so very plain-spoken a way.

"I don't want to talk about that time," he said; "I was young and foolish then, and I did a great many things that I had better have left undone. Fortunately for both you and me, I was prevented from carrying my folly to the pitch of insanity. You can hardly imagine that we should have been happy as husband and wife?"

"But you see, that is just what I do imagine," returned Susan. "I know I wasn't fit for you in those days; but I've read and studied to make myself fit for you, and I'm no fool. You would have been as happy with me as with the woman you've married. By all accounts, she hasn't got much to show for herself beyond a pretty face."

"Now look here, Susan," said Adrian, "I have listened to you patiently so far, but I don't care to have your opinion about my wife. Leave her alone, please, and tell me what you want of me."

"Want of you?" repeated Susan, looking away, and seeming to speak more to herself than to her questioner. "Ah, I can't say. I don't know exactly what I wanted of you when I followed you just now. But," she added, turning upon him with a rather unpleasant smile, "there's such a thing as revenge, Mr. Vidal; and I shouldn't mind paying you out for what you've made me suffer. Perhaps your wife isn't aware that you were once engaged to be married to one Susan Bowman. Ah, she isn't!—I thought not. Well, supposing I were to walk up to Alexandra Gardens, where you live, some fine morning, and tell her the whole of that pretty story? How should you like that?"

"I shouldn't like it at all," answered Adrian, candidly. "It would cause both her and me annoyance, and would do you no good in the world, that I can see."

"I want to cause you annoyance," returned Susan, placidly; "and that's why I shall be at your house in Alexandra Gardens before I'm much older."

Now there was a very simple and obvious way of taking all the sting out of this menace; but, unfortunately, Vidal could not bring himself to adopt it. Knowing how easily Clare's jealousy was aroused, and remembering what her state of health was, he felt that it would never do to tell her now what, possibly, he ought to have told her before. It would, of course, be highly illogical on her part to hold herself personally aggrieved by any faults or follies that he might have committed years before he had ever seen her; but the art of just reasoning is not a feminine attribute, and Clare had lately shown herself somewhat remarkably devoid of it. Moreover, at the bottom of his heart there lurked a strong disinclination to confess that he had once been eager to link himself for life to a domestic servant. Taking everything into consideration, therefore, it seemed to him the best plan to offer Susan all the money he had about him to leave him in peace.

He did this with as much delicacy as the case admitted of, and, rather to his surprise, Susan accepted his bribe at once.

"You must be very much afraid of your wife," was her sole comment upon the transfer of eight pounds ten shillings from Adrian's pocket to her own.

"I am afraid of giving her pain," answered Adrian, briefly. "And now I must wish you good-night," he added, getting up. "It is a pity you didn't tell me at the outset that you needed money, for I would very gladly have given you what I could afford, without being threatened. I am not a rich man, but I have always thought that something ought to have been done for you, and I hope that if you are ever in want again you will let me know. You had better address your letter to my club. Good-night, Susan, and good-bye. I trust it won't be very long before you meet some good fellow in your own—that is, some one much better suited to be your husband than I could ever have been."

He hastened toward the railway station, feeling greatly relieved and somewhat tickled by this commonplace termination to an interview which had at one time seemed likely to enter upon a tragic phase. He might have been less easy in his mind, had he known that Susan, when left alone, stood for full five minutes on the little bridge in St. James's Park, debating whether she should drop his money into the water or not. That she finally decided to keep it proved nothing, except a proper dislike on her part of wanton waste.

"So you think eight pound ten and a few civil insults payment enough for the likes of me, do you?" she muttered, as she resumed her walk. "Very well! But I'll be even with you yet, my gentleman. Thank you for showing me how to set about it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MEXICO AT NEW ORLEANS.

The Mexican government's great general display in the Main Building promises, though yet incomplete, to surpass all foreign exhibits in picturesque interest; and even now the young soldier who escorts visitors from one group of curiosities to another, explaining the history and peculiarities of each object with military brevity and precision, can scarcely complete his round in less than half an hour. The Saracenic building devoted to the display of mineralogy is still unfinished, but the visitor can already see enough to enable him to form some idea of the immense natural wealth of Mexico, and of the extent and character of her industries. He may be surprised to observe specimens of fine woods, neither polished nor varnished, presenting more than one thousand tints; admirable figured stuffs, bearing the same design on both sides, in wool, silk, or cotton; magnificent sugars, tobaccos, chocolates, liquors, and essences rarely seen in the United States; aromatics, perfumes, spices, gums, fruits, vegetables. He may inspect some specimens of marvellous saddlery and other leather-work, figured by hand, and set off with silver decorations of surprising delicacy; also sombreros edged with silver or gold embroidery of leaves or flowers, richly banded with cords and tassels of precious metal, and bearing in front the figure of an eagle with wings outspread—the Eagle that strangles the Serpent. Before long, however, he will have an opportunity of examining silver-work of a far more remarkable sort—that silver lace-work and open-work executed by primitive methods, but so vaporously exquisite that it recalls the crystallizations of frost upon a window-pane.

My attention, nevertheless, was principally absorbed by the *costumbres mejicanos*, whereof the specimens on exhibition surpass in finished beauty any works of the kind which I had ever seen before. These wonderful figurines in wax, representing the various types, callings, costumes, and manners of the Mexican people, are made by men without any regular artistic training; and yet there are pieces among them which own a grace almost rivalling the antique terra-cottas in the British Museum. Strip one of the little figures naked, and you will be astonished to observe the perfection of the waxen body. Every muscle has its proper salient curve in proportion to the tension depicted; every anatomical detail is studied out with surprising skill. Certainly these are not idealistic types; their startling realism is not produced by the loftier inspirations of the art sense; but they reveal a comprehension of nature really extraordinary, and they suggest magnificent possibilities for the period when this splendid plastic power shall have been refined and strengthened by high æsthetic training. The strangely tinted life of Mexico, with its surprising variations of picturesqueness, may be studied almost exhaustively through the clear glass of the cabinets—*charros, jarochos, vaqueros, peones*—a hundred singular types. Here is a band of peons marching in file, with burdens on their heads, whose naked and muscular torsos have the red coppery tint which tells of Indian blood; each figure represents a different physical type; one is Herculean in build, another slender but well thewed, a third seems too feeble for the task imposed upon him, although his load has been purposely made lighter than any borne by his comrades.

Here is a mimic world of street peddlers of both sexes, led by a stalwart half-breed with a stock of vegetables strapped to his back. A brilliantly colored parrot sits upon the pack; the man holds a gourd in his hand, and his eyes, coaxingly lifted toward some imaginary customer, are luminously caressing enough to assure a sale. Every detail of his costume is complete—the sandals on the brown feet, the white cotton trousers and shirt, the brightly tinted *serape*, the variegated sash or girdle, the immense hat of woven grass. Beside him walks his wife, also wearing sandals; she carries a variety of porcelain bowls as her stock in trade; yellow circles of gold twinkle in her ears. There is the water-carrier, the *aguador*, bearing his freight suspended in huge brown jars at either end of a strong pole, while a lazy soldier of the line, smoking a cigar, watches him pass with a smile of recognition. There is a young woman with a clear olive skin that tells of an almost pure Spanish descent; she affects the European mode of dress, wears a mantilla and a short, bright Andalusian skirt; she sells some sort of cooling drink. Now a countryman appears, driving a troop of over-burdened *burros* into the city; his typical dress—a Mexicanization of Spanish-gypsy attire, the regular *charro* costume—is garnished with silver buttons; the face under the broad sombrero is cynical and brutal; he wields his whip with an expression of contented ferocity. By the roadside slumbers a *leñador* (wood-cutter), naked to the waist, like other peons; his axe lies beside him; his mouth is open; you can almost hear him snore!

Here are two women making tortillas on their *tapetes;* one is certainly telling a funny story, for the face of her companion is convulsed with hearty laughter. Here is a Carnival scene—a host of *mascaritos* shouting, dancing, jostling, grimacing, many in fiendish garb. Now we come to the *vaqueros*—Mexican cow-boys—displaying their skill before the eyes of the *ranchero* and his friends. One lithe brown fellow has just leaped upon the back of a wild bull, which he is able to ride without saddle or bridle in spite of frantic efforts to fling him off. Note the wholesome whiteness of the teeth revealed by the coaxing smile of that mulatto *pulque* vender, and applaud the agile leap by which that gitano-vested *torero* escapes the charge of a furious bull. Finally we are in presence of purely savage types—Indians of the forest and mountain. They are really superb. One figure, with crest of feathers, and nude except for a narrow band about the loins, is an impersonation of barbaric grace in pose and form. He is in the very act of hurling a spear: the whole savage body is poised as if for a splendid spring. These types are slender, lithe, comely, very different from the compact and ponderous frames of the peons; and their artificer has made the nearest approach to ideal sculpture that I have seen in this department. I have heard of charming waxen figures of Venus which would afford excellent examples of Mexican idealism, but nothing of the sort is yet on exhibition.

Waxen portrait busts of Mexican celebrities, colored in likeness of life, are displayed in several cabinets. They are made by a class of men totally ignorant of art as we understand the term, but matchless as realistic delineators, who will model a likeness of you in wax or clay for a trifling consideration and with astonishing quickness. Here are Benito Juarez, Miramon, Iturbide, Maximilian, Porfirio Diaz, Gonzales, Santa Anna; all the great Presidents, warriors, *guerrilleros;* all the noteworthy personages of Mexican history, of many colors and often of mixed descent. The bust-maker is a naturalist; he never attempts idealism; his work has the alarming exactness of a photograph before retouching.

In another department a private firm exhibits some Mexican products more or less curious, including a collection of the indispensable *costumbres mejicanos* both in wax and in a more durable material. These, however, seem but clumsy and lifeless imitations of the superior work exhibited by the government. What can not fail to interest the visitor are the specimens of Mexican onyx and of Mexican feather-work. The peculiar adaptation of onyx for hitherto unsuspected purposes is well shown by a group of fine fish carved in that material, and bearing an opaline and clammy aspect of having been freshly caught. But much more interest attaches to the specimens of feather-work, not only by reason of their fairy beauty, but also because we know that this unique branch of Mexican industry is a fragmentary inheritance of that ancient and almost miraculous art which amazed the first discoverers of the Aztec civilization, and which Indian princes and high seigniors were proud to excel in. As I write, the memory of a Mexican landscape scene in feather-work is especially vivid—a vast expanse of opulent wheat fields, whereof the blonde immensity brightens or deepens its tint with the tremor of summer winds; distance makes violet the hills; a steel-bright river serpentines through the plain, reflecting the feminine grace of palms tossing their plumes against an azure sky. I remember also a vision of marshes—infinite stretches of reed-grown ooze, shuddering in gusts of sea-wind, and paling away into bluish vagueness as through a miasmatic haze.

The Mexican pottery on exhibition is rather odd than beautiful, but perhaps there are rich surprises in store for us. So far I have been impressed chiefly by the peculiarity of certain designs—figures of animals and birds blended with a scroll-work of flowers and leaves. These are rarely devoid of attractiveness, but their charm is not of to-day. It is quaint; it is sometimes even archaic; it recalls alternately certain designs upon the earliest European ceramics, the grotesques of initial letters in mediæval MSS., and the fantasticalities of tapestry. The visitor will also have an opportunity of studying the curiosities of Mexican ecclesiastical statuary, such as "La Virgen de los Dolores," now standing in one of the large glass cabinets—an image not without interest, though robed after a luxuriant manner violently opposed to our artistic ideas of the subject. Unfortunately space forbids more than a bare mention of the stuffed Mexican birds, the hillock of block silver on display, worth $144,000, and the Mexican flora in the Exposition grounds, including certain maguey plants, which our frightened horses at first seemed to mistake for enormous spiders.

Lafcadio Hearn.

THE CABINET.

Thomas Francis Bayard, Secretary of State, was born in Wilmington, Delaware, October 29, 1828. He was admitted to the bar in 1851, and was made United States District Attorney in 1853 by President Pierce. He entered the United States Senate in 1869 as the successor of his father, James A. Bayard, and has since been twice re-elected. He has been a strong member of the Finance and Judiciary committees, and was one of the Electoral Commission in 1876–7. He was the most prominent rival of General Hancock in the Democratic Convention of 1880, and of Mr. Cleveland last year. He is handsome, active, and very domestic.

Daniel Manning, Secretary of the Treasury, was born in Albany, New York, August 16, 1831. He graduated in the *Atlas* office, and was afterward successively foreman, reporter, editor, and part owner of the *Argus* of that city. He made his mark first in politics in 1874, as Chairman of the Albany County delegation, and became the intimate friend and adviser of Governor Tilden during his term. He has been a member of the State Committee since 1876, and Chairman since 1881. Since that year also he has been the leader of the party in the State. For three years he has been President of the National Commercial Bank of Albany, and was for a number of years Director of the Susquehanna Railroad. He has been twice married, and has four children.

Colonel William F. Vilas, Postmaster-General, was born in Orange County, Vermont, July 9, 1840. His father removed to Wisconsin in 1851. He graduated from the Albany (New York) Law School in 1860, and has since practiced law in Madison, Wisconsin. In 1862 he raised a company in the Twenty-third Wisconsin Regiment, was elected Captain, and promoted to be Colonel. He served with distinction up to the capture of Vicksburg, and then returned to civil life. He is a leading lawyer in Wisconsin, and a Professor of Law in the State University. He was, when appointed to the cabinet, a member of the Wisconsin Legislature, and in 1884 presided over the Chicago Democratic Convention. He has an accomplished wife and three children.

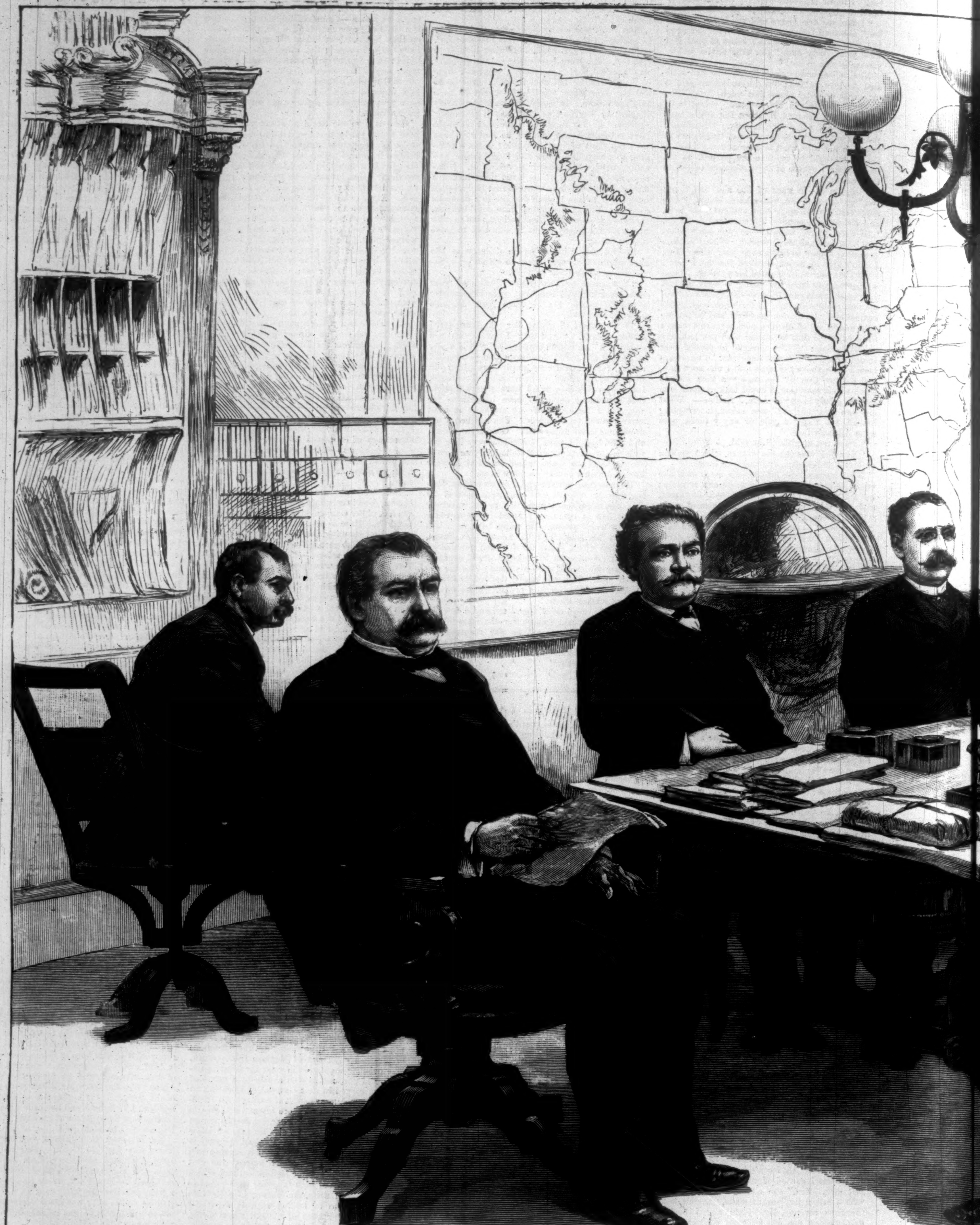
Senator L. Q. C. Lamar, Secretary of the Interior, was born in Putnam County, Georgia, September 17, 1825. He removed to Mississippi in 1849, returned to Georgia, and was a member of the Legislature there in 1853, removed again to Oxford, Mississippi, and was elected to the Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Congresses. He resigned in 1860, was a member of the Mississippi Secession Convention, a Colonel of the Nineteenth Mississippi Regiment in the Confederate army. In 1863 he went to Russia on a mission for the Confederacy. He was elected to the Forty-third Congress, and in 1877 to the United States Senate, where he has been a conspicuous figure ever since.

Senator A. H. Garland, Attorney-General, was born in Tipton County, Texas, June 11, 1832, but his family moved to Arkansas the next year. He was admitted to the bar in 1853, was a Bell and Everett elector in 1860, opposed secession in 1861, but joined his State, and was a member of the Confederate Congress in both branches. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1867, but was not admitted. He was chosen Governor of Arkansas in 1874, and in 1876 was again elected, and was admitted to the United States Senate.

Judge William Crowninshield Endicott, Secretary of War, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1827, and is a descendant of the first Governor of Massachusetts, and, on his mother's side, of Jacob Crowninshield, Mr. Jefferson's Secretary of the Navy. He is a graduate of Harvard College and Law School, and has been nine years on the Supreme Court Bench of the State. He was the Democratic candidate for Governor last year.

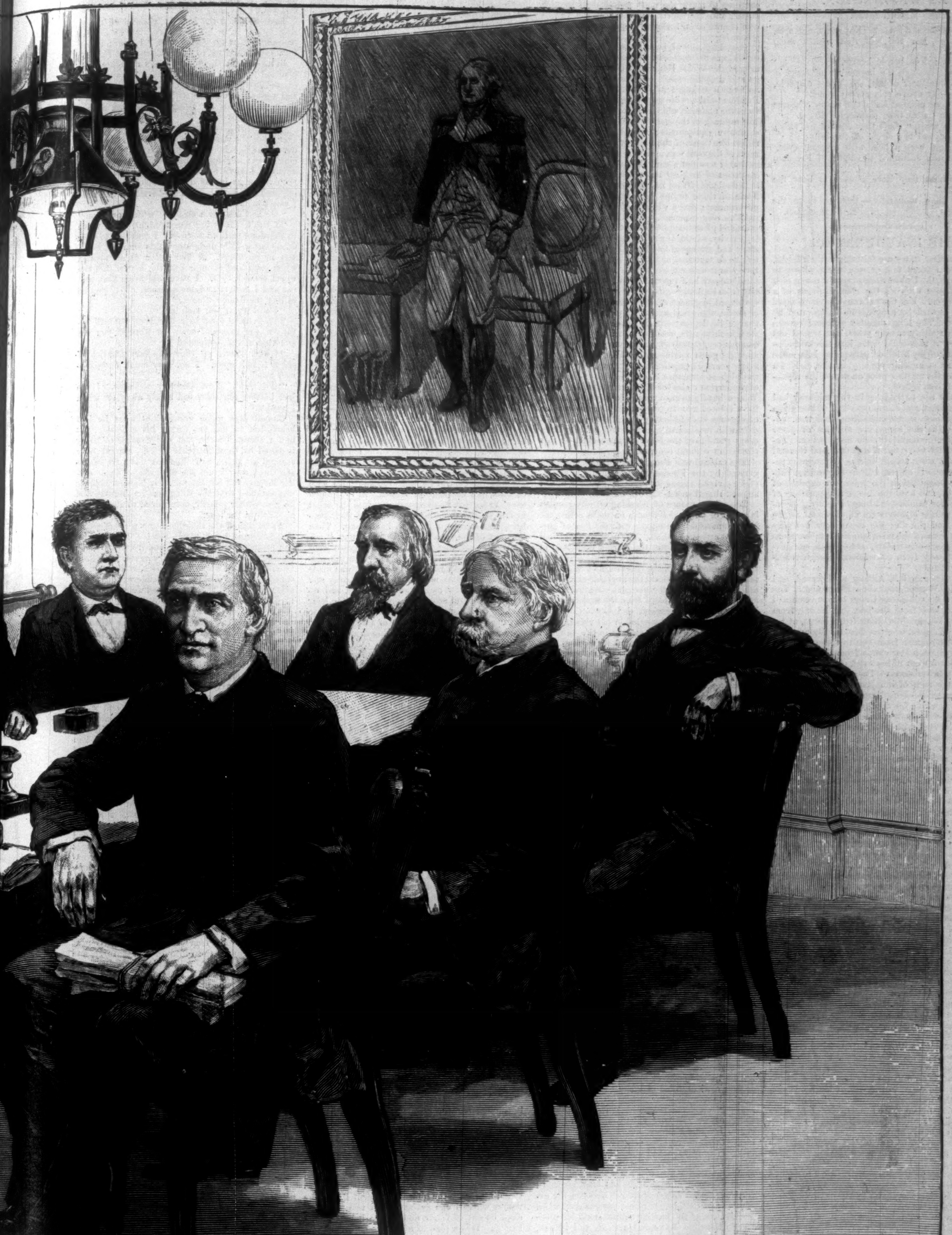
Mr. William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy, was born in Conway, Massachusetts, in 1839, graduated at Yale College in 1863, and from the Harvard Law School. He came immediately to New York, where he soon acquired a large practice. He early took an active part in politics, and in 1875 was made Corporation Counsel, to which post he was twice re-appointed. He resigned in 1882. He is married, his wife being the daughter of Henry B. Payne, United States Senator from Ohio.

The portraits in the double-page picture of President Cleveland's cabinet were drawn from photographs taken as follows: Mr. Bayard, by Bogardus, of New York; Mr. Manning, by Notman, of Albany; Mr. Vilas, by Curtis, of Madison, Wisconsin; Mr. Lamar, by Bell, of Washington; Mr. Endicott, by Notman, of Boston; and Mr. Whitney, by Mora, of New York.



Colonel Lamont, the President's Private Secretary. The President. Secretary of the Treasury. Secretary of the Navy.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION—FIRST MEETING OF PR



Attorney-General. Secretary of State. Secretary of the Interior. Secretary of War. Postmaster-General.

ESIDENT CLEVELAND'S CABINET.—[See Page 167.]

AT WASHINGTON.

MARCH 4, 1885.

What constitutes a State? Not arms, nor arts,
Stout sinews, nor the will that makes them
strong;
It is upbuilded in heroic hearts,
Self-circling through the harmonies of song.
Before it, like light clouds, the Years disperse,
Parting to-day above this stately dome,
Within whose pillared halls the hours rehearse
More tragic issues than dispeopled Rome.
Behold yon marble shaft that cleaves the skies,
Far-seen beyond the circle of the hills;
And gathered here a host with reverent eyes,
Whose depths unsunned the light of Freedom
fills.
And *he* whom they have chosen to bear the
weight
Of more than monarchy—through these the
State.

R. H. Stoddard.

THE INAUGURATION.

While other states are faltering in their faiths, seeing old leaders fall, or wondering where be new leaders, the United States takes a young man for its spouse with all the chancefulness of a hearty widow. Mr. Cleveland was nominated by party, elected by people, and inaugurated by everybody. The long-dreaded political revolution, after waiting twenty years, has turned out to be like "a man-child come into the world"—an occasion of joy if mixed with pain. Like some great ocean steam-ship pausing at the end of a voyage to take another pilot on board, the republic again drives soberly on.

Naturally the party long in the minority had their rejoicings, and States not often of late given public stations or responsibilities had their parade. Yet, in the event, the absence of party spirit was more manifest than its presence. Republicans like Governor Hartranft and General Beaver led their troops in the Democratic parade; the public offices, still in Republican control, were decorated at the voluntary expense of their clerks, and bore the names and portraits of the victorious candidates almost proudly. Decorum and public loyalty were as universal as the sunshine and the air; the storm does not pass into the mist and the mist into the rainbow more naturally than our society, educated in self-government, passes from convulsion, through reflection, into change.

Mr. Cleveland left Albany unobserved, and arrived in Washington almost unnoted. The closeness with which our Union is now cemented may be inferred from the fact that he ran from Albany to Washington in thirteen hours, at no high rate of speed, whereas General Washington was wont to require from two to three weeks to reach the Hudson Highlands from the Potomac. The President went to his hotel, paid his respects during the afternoon to President Arthur, received some men of influence and some prominent officials, and some impending members of his cabinet, with a few family friends; and in his little party were ladies, some of his own blood, who had served with their husbands in distant missionary fields.

The night fell on Washington city in clearest starlight, cool and bracing, and from all portions of the country poured in military and civic organizations, generally received by corresponding corps in Washington; and the broad avenue between the Capitol and the Executive Mansion was filled with bands of music and citizens and strangers, and none of these carried insignia indicative of any party victory. What had been, a few months before, nearly a drawn battle, became a courteous national holiday.

Proceeding from the United States, the example of these Presidential elections has spread over most of the states of our own continent, and for fifteen years France has now upheld the Republican practice of government. The great British colonies in various zones had before them, at the instant of Cleveland's inauguration, two models from which to choose in their future sphere: Gladstone, with his Parliamentary government of uncertain tenure and wavering in the balance, and Arthur laying down his government on a constitutionally appointed day. The British system, if more flexible, admits of more uncertainty. The changes in the American government are like those of the almanac, and not like those of the Signal Office. The American government moves with the precision of astronomy; the British government, with a too barometrical sensibility. It was no question whether the American cabinet should or should not resign; their day of transit had been arranged by law. As a watchman who has come to the end of his hours recognizes the watchman who is to take his place, and salutes him cordially and passes out, so do our Presidents meet and shake hands and succeed each other.

At the legislative end of the government all day and all night the Houses of Congress were expediting their business so as to be ready also to pass away at the moment of the President's installation. The Senate had already been commanded to convene again, by the retiring President, for the business of his successor. Thus the appropriations were being made by an expiring Congress for a person yet a private citizen to expend.

Notwithstanding the subject of the new President's cabinet was most earnestly discussed at the Capitol, to that building the President-elect was to repair to take the oath to the Constitution and announce the policy of his administration. The hammers could be heard at times by Congress ringing on his scaffold before the Capitol. The inaugural address, though prepared, was as yet unknown in its sentiments to the very Congress which was to induct the President to his office. Thus the pleasant riddles of the oracle which men in ancient times were wont to consult continue to mark the most practical of governments, and individual thought and the ruler's own character still may be stamped upon a self-governing age.

The simplicity of even state occasions at our capital was noticeable by the absence of all guards around the White House. Whoever chose could go and ring the ruler's bell and state his errand. So even a stranger might send his card to the President-elect, who was housed but a few rods from the mansion which was to become his home. The military in the streets of Washington had no defensive equipments; though dressed in garments like those of the soldiery at the commencement of the civil war, and carrying weapons, there probably was not a cartridge in their cartouches. Batteries of artillery had come to be in line, but it is doubtful if they had a round of ammunition. None of these troops were quartered upon the government; every witness of the inauguration paid his own expenses. But all looked with surprise and pleasure upon the vast changes in Washington city, where, at the last real call of need, soldiery and strangers had beheld unsightly streets, a town so scattered as to seem a ruin, and a river tawny and without channels. Now they beheld the Potomac half rescued from the mire and the city from its malaria, the whole profile of the town developed in grades of asphaltum and boulevards of shade, the great avenue paved as for a king, the public departments in spacious size and various architecture, probably excelling those of any contemporary government, statuary in the streets, and the great monument to Washington, after thirty years of popular neglect, completed to be the highest structure in the world, by four years of concurrent endeavor of Congress and the army. Where hardly twenty years ago it was a felony for a colored man to carry arms, large companies of negroes were following the Democratic President with music and muskets, and military from every portion of the Slave States looked on this revolution without concern.

The cabinet was already known, without being avowed by the President, so naturally is intelligence divined among an intelligent people, and it showed that distrust had ceased to be sectional.

The sylvan nature of Washington city renders it a sort of political Baireuth on these occasions. No commercial tides mingle with the flow of government and celebration. The usual conveyances carefully wound among the staring multitude in the middle of the streets; with Cleveland's portrait mingled Lincoln's, Grant's, and Washington's on the public offices; the improvised scaffolds and balconies along the unequal range of houses and shops hardly differed from the arrangements in Canterbury, Winchester, and London on ceremonial occasions, as revealed in old views. The Capitol edifice stood out cleanly in the sun, and an uninhabited scaffold draped with great flags had been all night waiting for some one at the foot of the eastern portico. With that expected successor of the morrow Washington's marble statue kept vigil, offering steadily his sword to Congress, and his right hand raised to heaven like one also swearing fealty to law. Above the platform stood the archaic groups of Columbus presenting America to the world, and the pioneer defending his brood from the savage; War and Peace, long ago sculptured by Persico, abode under the portico in allegory like the skeleton of the past and the genius of the present. The wide hanging gardens and lawns of the Capitol, adorned with parterre fountains and Moorish lamps, began early to fill with respectful multitudes, and the hollow squares of the building to resound with drums and trumpets. Nothing was needed but cathedral chimes to recall that morning, only seven generations ago, when the Lord Protector of the English Commonweath set the model by which we install American Chief Magistrates, swearing them on the Book, with uplifted hand, in the presence of Parliament.

The preparations in the Senate-chamber were being made even while that body, in all-night session, was closing the labors of a Congress. Reporters at the breakfast hour saw a clerk enter from the House and announce to the President of the Senate, who alone represented his order, concurrence in a bill, and at the same time a carpenter shouted across the empty desks his instructions to a subordinate. At ten o'clock the barriers were opened, and privileged guests, ladies in majority, spread over the galleries like a flowery vine. Two portions of the gallery were reserved, and facing each other over the Speaker's chair, the American newspaper writers and the foreign ambassadors were the rival critics of the scene. The gold and buff Senate-chamber, lighted from heraldic glass above, had no other ornament than human individuality or female beauty; its three or four rows of small mahogany desks suggested a school-room for young princes. The green-carpeted area between the foremost row and the presiding officer was bordered by warm red leather chairs for the Supreme Court and cabinet, and facing these, at the head of the Senate aisle, were two similar high-backed chairs for the President and President-elect. Between the Senators' chairs, and covering the spaces behind them, small wooden and cane seats had been arranged for Congress. The easy transit between the executive and parliamentary estates was seen when Mr. Teller, of the retiring cabinet, took his place beside Senators Bayard, Garland, and Lamar, who were about to enter the new cabinet, and he to begin a new term in the Senate. On Garland's desk a little ladder of flowers from some friendly hand was hardly noticed in the steady movement of legislative business. Distinguished strangers would at times enter and have quiet levees, like Mr. Evarts, or George Bancroft, or Mr. Bissell, the law partner of the new President, or Dorman B. Eaton, or General Hancock.

High officers of the army and navy, in full epaulets and uniforms, found places where they might. The Senators vacated one-half of their hall, and were snugly collected together in wedge form. Rapidly the galleries became filled, and the crowded doorways showed the linings of military cloaks. At half past eleven, amidst applause, General Grant was put on the retired list, mainly by the special exertions of ex-Speaker Randall, who had pressed Mr. Edmunds's bill to that effect. The diplomatic corps, in their gorgeous decorations and uniforms, filed in amidst the wondering galleries. Then came in the heavy-treading Supreme Court, in their gowns, and the passing cabinet. Soon followed President Arthur, between Senators Sherman and Ransom—the North and the South. He stood like Saul, equal to these tall guardsmen. Mr. Cleveland came in after a little interval, escorted by the same Senators, and the two Presidents, as the audience considered them, sat silently under observation, while the new Vice-President, Mr. Hendricks, took the oath, and ascended to the chair vacated for that purpose by Senator Edmunds. No music nor trumpet of herald broke the simplicity of that scene when the marshals of the District of Columbia and the Supreme Court led the procession through the narrow corridors of the old Capitol to the rotunda conceived in Brunelleschi's own spirit, and thence out upon the central portico, where so many of our Presidents have stood. Mr. Cleveland, bare-headed, hat in hand, walked down the flight of steps, and the mighty multitude seemed silent as the sea, so systematic was its roar and so extended its boundaries. The thoughtful and impressive inaugural address was delivered in a manner like its author, solid and earnest, yet calm. At the conclusion he kissed the little Bible his mother gave him at the outset of life, his brother and sisters looking on, and the Chief Justice, in his gown, extending the open book.

All the world was there in deputy to see—the African, the Siamese, the Japanese, the Mandarin. They saw the real sovereign of the land in acres extended, the accordant and imperial multitude. The lap of Washington's statue was full of men who had climbed there and rested upon his knees. The noble Greek porticoes flanking the central Capitol were swarming with citizens like the bees in Attica. A procession equal to a great standing army awaited the event in line up the radiating avenues, and their pennons and standards fluttered in the sun. Then the elect of the people rode back in the ex-President's carriage, and for hours the pageant went on. At night the Italian palace where the pension rolls of the Union are to be kept was made a literal Coliseum, and given up to beauty and spirit. The new magistrate was there, and received respectful acclaims; and around the lofty obelisk to Washington fire-works ascended to the stars, the last signal lights of a long sectional debate lost finally in the majestic dome of a recovered and a free Union.

George Alfred Townsend.

THE LOST I. O. U.

Some men seem to take naturally to whatever promises to be unfortunate to them, and it must have been in a blind obedience to this law that Charles Day insisted on regarding Jonas Terry as his friend. There was nothing in common between the men but a love for Josie Merritt, and such a circumstance is not usually conducive to friendly feeling.

Charles had wavy brown hair, a pleasant face, and a fine tenor voice. Jonas kept his hair cut after some penitentiary fashion, his features were thick and commonplace, and he had a short, stumpy figure. Their mental differences were quite as great: Charles was rapid and bright, Jonas slow and secretive; Charles also was affectionate and prodigal, Jonas saving and prudent, and inclined to make a merit of always looking out for himself. Both were young men of some fortune and position, but Jonas alone was in business. Charles lived upon the rents of his property, and devoted his time to the ladies in general, and to Josie Merritt in particular.

One evening in June they sat together in the library of Charles's fine house. They had been discussing some summer plans, and Charles said,

"Leave off grinding at that money mill of yours, Jonas, and come with me; we shall have a pleasant month's cruise."

"I can not possibly do it. To tell the truth, I am in a very tight place, and it is a bad time for raising money."

"How much do you want?"

"About twelve thousand."

"Will ten thousand do?"

"Yes; ten would put me out of straits. In fact, ten thousand now might be worth fifty thousand to me."

Charles walked to his secretary, and unlocking it, counted out the amount in bills, and handed them to his friend, saying:

"Just give me your I. O. U., Jonas, for two months after date. Will that be long enough?"

"You don't mean this, Charles?"

"Why, yes, I do, old fellow. It is not much of a kindness, after all. You see, Merritt paid me my quarter's rents to-day, and I shall be sure to spend all before the quarter is over if I keep the money where I can get at it. In two months I shall be out of funds, and in the height of the season. It is a plan of mine to secure ten thousand for a clearing up in September."

"Thank you, Charles. I will accept the loan with pleasure, and if you should need it before, why, just drop me a line. I shall be out of trouble long before September."

The young man then drew a pen and some paper toward him, wrote out the I. O. U., and handed it to his friend, observing, as he did so, "Allow me to say, Charles, that it is foolish to keep so much money here. Put it with your banker."

"Certainly. Merritt paid me this afternoon. It was so hot when he left I thought I would not go down-town until the morning. There is no danger. Nobody but you and Merritt and myself knows anything about it."

Then he lifted the I. O. U., glanced at it, and rose to put it in his secretary; but as he was crossing the room Jonas said, "I heard to-day that Josie Merritt is to marry Lieutenant Pierce."

In an instant the young man's thoughts were diverted from his money affairs. He was much excited at the information, refused to believe it, and went over and over, with a passionate earnestness, his reasons for being certain that such a thing could not be.

"Why," he kept repeating, "I have known her ever since she was a little bit of a girl. I carried her books to school; I went with her to the dancing class; her father has been my lawyer and adviser; I have been as much at home in Merritt's house as in my own. Pooh! the thing is impossible. Josie never would treat me like that. I won't believe it."

"Go and ask her a straightforward question."

"I can't. It is too late to-night, and I leave by the noon train to-morrow. I intended to have that matter fully understood this summer, but I was in no hurry. A love affair is all spoiled when papa and mamma and the lawyer and the world come into it. I have told Josie that, and she and I understand one another. Will you be calling there soon, Jonas?"

"I will try, if you wish it."

"They leave town in a few days, but call before, if you can, and send me word if you see anything of the lieutenant."

"I will. Lock up your secretary, Charles; I see it is still open. I am very much obliged—very much."

"All right. You are very welcome. I am just putting ten thousand safely away for when I need it."

Charles was much annoyed at what he had heard, but he did not forget his secretary. It had a secret drawer, and was capable of being fastened by three intricate locks. He carefully secured all three, and then sat down to smoke and think over again the absurdity of Josie caring for any one but himself. In half an hour he was satisfied that the thing was impossible, and he rose rather wearily, determined to sleep upon his faith in her love.

As he passed the table he saw a piece of paper that attracted him; it was Jonas's I. O. U. He had forgotten to put it away, and it was too much trouble to unlock the secretary again. He hesitated a moment where to secure it, but almost instantly selected a place he considered singularly safe, deposited it there, and then went to bed and to sleep.

The next day he went to Newport, and there waited impatiently the advent of the Merritts. Before he got any letter from Jonas, Josie herself had satisfied him. They had a charming stroll together, in which everything was talked over, and which left Charles in what he considered a very happy and enviable position.

Nothing marred the heaven of their next two months. At the end of that time the reckless lover began to be in want of funds, and as he had heard nothing from Jonas, he determined to go to New York and collect his I. O. U. He had not a care on his heart about it until he had searched his secretary again and again, and failed to find the paper. He lit a cigar, and sat down to think. Then he suddenly remembered that he had found the paper after he had locked his secretary, and that he had hid it. He even remembered the little laugh of delight with which he had put it in *such a capital place.* But what place? He could not remember that.

The room, as said before, was the library, and the walls were covered to a considerable height with books, the top of the shelves being ornamented with busts, Indian boxes, and Chinese cabinets and jars. He looked behind all the books, opened those within easy reach, rifled the boxes and cabinets, and peeped into all the vases. The search was continued half through the night, but the paper was not found.

He tried to think that it was of no consequence, but somehow his heart failed him. Early next day he went to the office of Jonas Terry, and found him there. Jonas was busy writing, but he lifted his head with a smile, and rose heartily to greet his friend.

"Jonas," said Charles, with a puzzled, eager look, "that I. O. U.—I have lost it. Searched everywhere all night for it, and can't lay my hands on it."

"What I. O. U.?"

"The one you gave me for the ten thousand dollars I lent you in June. After you went I sat down to think about Josie Merritt, and when I was getting sleepy I found it on the table. I was too lazy to unlock my secretary again, and I hid it somewhere; or else I thought I hid it, and left it about, and the servants have swept it away. However, I will give you an acknowledgment that will cover all possible claim if ever it should turn up. That will do, you know."

"You must be dreaming, Charles. I know nothing about an I. O. U., and I don't at all see what you are drifting at."

"Jonas! You could not be such a scoundrel! You are joking, of course."

"Mr. Day, I request you to leave my office at once, sir. I am not to be bullied or black-mailed in this way, I assure you."

Then Charles struck the scoundrel, and there was such an uproar of words and blows that the police were called in, and the affair became sufficiently public, and indeed went into the courts. Of course Charles got the worst of it every way. He had no particle of evidence to show for his claim; he was fast, fashionable, and extravagant, while Jonas was universally spoken of as "estimable and reliable." Society turned the cold shoulder toward him, and mothers forbade their daughters to ride in his company or accept him for a partner in the dance. "But then," as Mrs.

Merritt shrewdly said, "his engagement to our Josie has just become known."

It was remarkable that after this quarrel Jonas Terry's business grew with an amazing rapidity. Perhaps the saving of that ten thousand had been the turning-point of his fortune. We all know how the want of a five-dollar bill can sometimes lose us an amount amazingly disproportionate. Socially, too, his success was very great. He married a beautiful, stylish woman, who fully shared his antipathy to the Days, and who never lost an opportunity of mortifying them; and social slights are bitter enough to those whose whole life turns upon social success. In fact Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Terry, with their grand house and exclusive entertainments and fine turn-out, were the Mordecai sitting in the gate of all Charles's and Josie's happiness.

Many a time the two had gone together over everything in the room, taken every book from the shelves, and examined every crevice in the cases, but all in vain. The I. O. U. was evidently lost, and Charles said, after every fresh search and disappointment, "No use, Josie; I tell you everything goes against honor and virtue. If you want to be pointed out as a pattern of all excellencies, you must be in secret a natural and practical villain."

So the years went by—fifteen of them. The I. O. U. was not forgotten. They lived in a society where people have little else to do but remember the antecedents of its members, and Charles Day and his wife very often felt the influence of Jonas's accusation. The two men never spoke. If they passed each other on the drive, Jonas cracked his whip offensively, or Mrs. Terry looked scornfully at the shrinking couple, but they had long ago said all to each other that it was possible to say.

In the fifteenth summer after the loan Charles went yachting, and on one memorable night was shipwrecked. Almost by a miracle, and after he had sunk thrice, he was rescued. The first words he uttered to his wife were: "Josie, I have found the I. O. U. Write down just what I say: Shakespeare, Knight's Edition, vol. iv., page 213, fourth compartment, fourth shelf, fourth book."

Josie wrote it down; but he was so restless lest anything should now happen to the library that he returned to New York as soon as there was the least safety in doing so. When he arrived at home he went straight to the library, and putting his hand on a certain volume, opened it at the page he had indicated, and there was the lost I. O. U.

"When I was drowning, Josie, the last time I sunk, everything I ever did became in a moment's flash clear as day to me, and I saw myself putting the note in the place I found it. It is wonderful. But it is true, and, Josie dear, thank God! my name will be cleared at last."

The clearing of his name was Charles's first thought, but after it came the very satisfactory one of making Jonas pay the principal and interest due him. "And after that is done, Josie, I shall sue him for defamation of character, and make him pay for every insolence."

This was no idle threat. The next morning Charles's lawyer confronted the false-hearted scoundrel with his I. O. U., and entered proceedings at once to recover. Jonas at first tried to compromise, but this offer Charles indignantly rejected. "I want the world to see," he said, "that though punishment for a cowardly, wicked deed be long delayed, it is sure to come."

And perhaps the social and commercial world in which these two men moved never had a more vivid illustration of this truth. The business that had been built upon a fraud and a wrong crumbled away as if touched by some withering blight. The court awarded Charles Day principal and full interest, and a subsequent action for defamation gave him, in reparation for his fifteen years' slandered name, fifty thousand dollars.

But by that time the firm of Jonas Terry was unable to meet such a claim. He shut his doors in dishonor, and fled in the darkness of night from the thousands whom he had robbed.

"It is a great punishment," said Josie, sorrowfully; "and he has four little boys."

"It was a great crime, Josie; and the wrong to my purse was the least part of the wrong."

But Mrs. Terry, sitting in her wrecked home, took a different view of the case. "Charles Day is entirely to blame," she said. "His weakness and his laziness threw the temptation in Jonas's way. It is the weak men that make the wicked ones."

DEATH OF PARALLAX, THE EARTH-FLATTENER.

A MAN has just died in England, at an extreme old age, who in his day mystified many. He called himself "Parallax," and preached the doctrine of a flat earth and a moving sun in a way which might have moved even the Rev. Mr. Jasper, of Richmond, Virginia, to envy. Readers of Professor De Morgan's *Budget of Paradoxes* will remember that Parallax appeared among the paradoxists there as S. Goulburn, who, in 1844, lectured at Trowbridge, England, and soon after published a treatise on what he called the Zetetic Philosophy. De Morgan made the quaint remark respecting this book that it might be compared to a certain "stop" in an organ he had once heard. "How do you like the stop?" he was asked. "Well, it depends what you call it," he replied. "How so? What difference can the name make?" "All the difference in the world," he said; "if you call that stop the 'flute,' it is atrocious; but if you call it the 'saw-grinding stop,' it is sweet." So, said De Morgan, if this Zetetic Philosophy is philosophy for children, it is clever, with its floating earth, its central polar ice, and its spirally moving sun; but if it is philosophy for men, it is silly, for the sun rising from below the sea horizon disposes of it at once.

I myself first made Parallax's acquaintance in 1864, at Plymouth, England, at a time when as yet I had not published any work on astronomy, save one short essay on "Colored Double Stars," in the *Cornhill Magazine*. He gave two lectures at that great sea-port of ours, in which, to the wrath of sea-faring men, he explained that the earth is a great flat circle, with the north pole at its centre, round which they had travelled when they had supposed they were travelling round a globe. To meet the natural objection that the degrees of longitude (which really increase as we recede from the north pole till the equator is reached, and then diminish) would increase from the north pole outward to the southern or outer ice-rim of his flat earth, he replied that the southern hemisphere had been badly measured. He quoted an account given by Sir James Ross of his voyage to the antarctic regions, in which Ross says that a certain bottle which had floated from the Cape of Good Hope to Tasmania had travelled a much greater distance than that which really separates those places as shown on a globe. The truth is, Ross said as much, but he said a little more, which Parallax omitted to notice—he mentioned that from the known set of the currents the bottle must have gone the long way round. It was the distance that way, not the nearest way, which Sir James Ross gave.

Parallax's chief argument at his first lecture was one which could not possibly be answered. He described how he had stood up to his neck in the water of the Bedford Canal, where there is a straight reach of six miles, and had with a telescope seen, down to the water's edge, a small boat six miles away. Of course the only sound answer to his reiterated questions, "What say you to *that?* how can you explain *that?*" was simply, "We do not explain it; we decline to believe it." But when a plausible old gentleman, in the customary war-paint of the lecturer, states that he did and saw such and such things, nine out of ten of his audience not only decline to doubt his veracity, but are disposed to side with him when some of the more knowing suggest that he is telling fibs. It was so at Plymouth, though they can not see more than the top even of the new light-house from the sea-shore, and where the old light-house in 1864 only showed its lantern. So wrathful were some of the old salts then present at the impotence of their reasoning against Parallax's observed fact that one of them actually struck at him as he was leaving the lecture hall—a baculine argument by no means conducive to scientific progress.

On the morning following his first lecture Parallax, who at that time went by the name of S. Rowbotham, boldly appeared, according to promise, on the Plymouth Hoe, where a tolerably large crowd had gathered to witness what he called his ocular demonstration of the earth's flatness. The chief experiment was a rather neat one—that is, neatly deceptive. He set up a mirror in apparently a perfectly vertical position, carefully setting a plumb-line against its face to show that it was correctly placed. It faced the sea. Now it is clear that to any observer who looked into this mirror the sea horizon would be visible in the mirror with the same amount of depression (owing to the earth's rotundity) as when the horizon was looked at directly. According to the pictures in books of geography and astronomy, an observer on so lofty a place as the Hoe ought to see the horizon much depressed. But every one who looked into Parallax's mirror saw the reflected image of the sea horizon apparently on the very same level as the pupils of his own eyes, also reflected in the mirror. "Ocular demonstration," said Parallax, "that the sea horizon is not depressed at all, even from this elevated spot." And just here he threw in what struck me as a very clever touch. "Look as closely as you will," he said—and immediately each observer looked more closely—"you will find no difference between the level of the horizon line and that of the pupils of your eyes." Now the more closely the observer looked, the less likely was he to detect the difference, which really existed (supposing the mirror set truly vertical), but was exceedingly small. This is easily shown. Supposing the height 200 feet, which is a little above the truth, the distance of the sea horizon was about 20 miles (taking 6 inches as the dip for 1 mile, corrected for refraction—the geometrical dip is about 8 inches in a mile). It is easily seen that two lines from the observer's station—one directed to the sea horizon, and the other truly horizontal toward the same compass point—open out 400 feet at a distance of 20 miles, 20 feet at a distance of 1 mile, 1 foot at a distance of 88 yards, 1 inch at a distance of 7⅓ yards or 22 feet. So that when an observer looked closely at the image of his own eyes, say 3 inches from the glass, or half a foot from the imaged eyes, the depression of the horizon line below the line joining the centres of the pupils was only the 44th of an inch—a distance which the keenest eye could not recognize under the circumstances. (It might have been distinguished if a series of horizontal lines had been ruled with a diamond upon the face of the mirror). Some one who was present and saw through the trick invited the observers to look into the mirror from a distance of ten or twelve yards, whence the depression of the horizon would have been (and, as I happen to know, *was*) quite obvious; but Parallax immediately said that such observations must necessarily be inexact compared with the closer scrutiny he cleverly recommended.

Another ingenious argument was used by Parallax. Aeronauts have noticed that so far from the earth looking like a globe when viewed from the car of a balloon, the surface looks hollowed out like a vast basin. He used to quote Glaisher, of Greenwich, to this effect, and many were much perplexed by what seemed to them entirely inconsistent with the teachings of science as to the earth's rotundity. In reality the last half of the sentence of which Parallax quoted but the first half would have shown why the earth looks basin-shaped when viewed from a great height. This is an illusion akin to that which makes the under surface of the cloud layers above us look almost like a hemisphere, instead of being very nearly flat. There is nothing to impress the eye with the enormously greater distance of the clouds near the horizon as compared with those overhead; so the clouds low down look as if they formed an almost vertical curtain instead of an almost flat ceiling. (I have endeavored for a score of years past to train, almost to force, my mind to overcome this illusion; yet I have only once succeeded, at a time when the horizontal sun lit with ruddy light the under edges of a widely extended layer of clouds, so soon as he had passed beneath it. A few moments before the clouds had looked like a vertical pall, but they were transformed into a fretwork of dark streaks edged with fire, so manifestly forming a horizontal layer that the usual illusion was for a few minutes destroyed). When we are two or three miles above the earth we are strongly impressed by the immense distance between us and the surface beneath; even the horizon looks not much farther off. Yet at such a time the horizon is more than a hundred miles away if the depth below is 2 miles, and 125 miles away if the depth below is 3 miles—that is, from fifty to forty times farther away than the ground beneath the balloonist. Our inability to appreciate distances so vast, and never so presented to our view until we make our first balloon ascension, is not to be wondered at; it produces the illusion described by Glaisher and other aeronauts. It is, by-the-way, noteworthy that while in ascending toward a cloud layer in a balloon we see it apparently arched over our heads like a basin, the self-same layer appears arched like a basin beneath us so soon as we have risen above it.

Parallax had quite a following in England; and even in America I have met some who consider that the Zetetic Philosophy is eventually to replace the astronomy of Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, and Newton. The most prominent of his disciples in England, Mr. John Hampden, has been confounded with Parallax himself by many. But Hampden is really a believer in a flat earth, Parallax never was; he simply used his Zetetic astronomy to help in selling some phosphorized nonsense which he vended as an elixir of life, promising patriarchal longevity to all who drank of it, at a guinea a bottle. In recent years Hampden has complained bitterly of the way in which Parallax wronged him; but Hampden's faith in the flat earth has never been shaken by any wrong-doings of Rowbotham (or Birley, as Parallax latterly called himself). Deceived by Parallax's clever use of such difficulties in the true theory as trouble the learner, Hampden never cared to consider the overwhelming difficulties presented by the flat-earth theory. His confidence in challenging the scientific world to test the surface of the Bedford Level, for a wager of £500, showed how thoroughly he believed in the flatness of the earth. Parallax wisely declined to take any part in that experiment. When he had lost his £500, Hampden remained unconvinced, and loudly asserted that Professor A. Wallace (the eminent naturalist), who had won his money, was a rogue and a swindler. Dr. Birley-Rowbotham-Goulden, on the other hand, was always suave and courteous in manner, unless his own antecedents as a quack were touched upon, when threats of action for libel were freely vented by him, albeit he was too clever to carry out those threats, his career before he began to teach astronomy being such as would not bear close scrutiny with advantage to him. His real name was neither Birley, nor Rowbotham, nor Goulden; his original business neither astronomy nor medicine. RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A CHICAGO lecturer says that the only proper plan in teaching a child is to find out what he wants, and instruct him accordingly. The elective system in the teaching of children has never been fully tried, but we should think that it would afford variety to instructors and keep their hands full. Instead of being confined as now to a narrow and tedious routine, the master would find himself gliding through a delightful variety of ring-taw and in-the-hole, yard-sheep and two-old-cats, which would also, beyond doubt, conduce greatly to his physical health. The world would gain in absolute fun what it would lose in conventional wisdom, though whether that is without qualification desirable would of course have to be left to the demonstration of time. Certainly the right of election would continue through life, so that a person who chose ring-taw in the beginning would not have to continue it forever. The government of the ancient Egyptians made the sons of carpenters to be carpenters and the sons of shoemakers to be shoemakers through long generations, and they got on fairly well. In our republic any person may have fifty vocations, and may become a lawyer, a poet, or a statesman if he fails in the more serious walks of life, and we also are a prosperous people. One of the most perplexing phenomena which the philosopher is called on to consider is the phenomenon that nothing is determined and that contraries are eternally pointing the same way.

A letter addressed simply "Mr. Barnum, America," and posted at Maulmain, British Burmah, on the 15th of January last, reached the great showman at Bridgeport duly. This incident shows both that it is not necessary always to have comprehensive information in order to accomplish an end, and that it is convenient sometimes not to have your name Smith.

A class in Trinity College, Hartford, is hearing a course of lectures on "First Aid to the Injured."

Yale has, in the way of trophies, sixty-nine base-balls, won from her various adversaries. Each ball is painted the color of the stockings of the vanquished nine, and is lettered to indicate the time and place of winning.

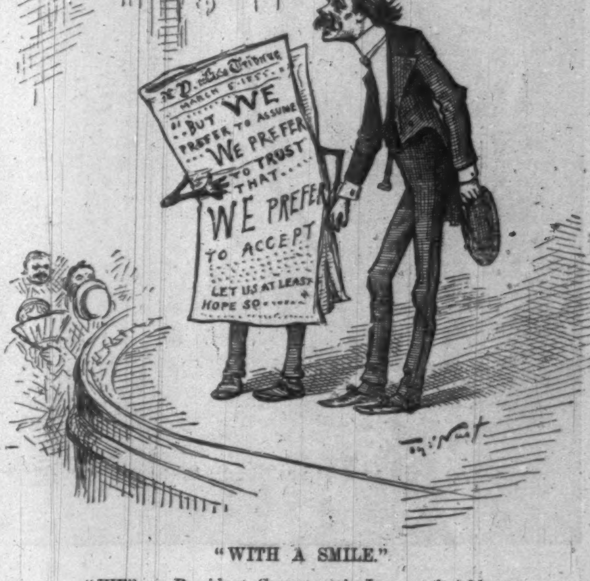
The subscribers to a scheme for establishing a British school at Athens have authorized their committee to begin building upon the site granted for the purpose by the Greek government. It still remains to raise a fund of $75,000 in order to secure to the school an income of $3000 a year.

The difference that may exist in the attractiveness of the same woman at different times is illustrated in the case of Frances Weinberger, of Gospodence, in Hungary. Two months and one day ago she was a poor tobacco stripper, without a single suitor whose attentions she considered serious. Two months ago a ticket she had bought in a Vienna lottery drew a prize of $25,000, and ever since the whole male marriageable part of the town has been at her feet in a manner the absolute sincerity of which can not be for a moment doubted. The suitors are only moderately gratified at the assurance that she is flattered, since she flatly refuses to wed.

Work on the college papers is accepted at Harvard in place of the literary work regularly allotted by the university.

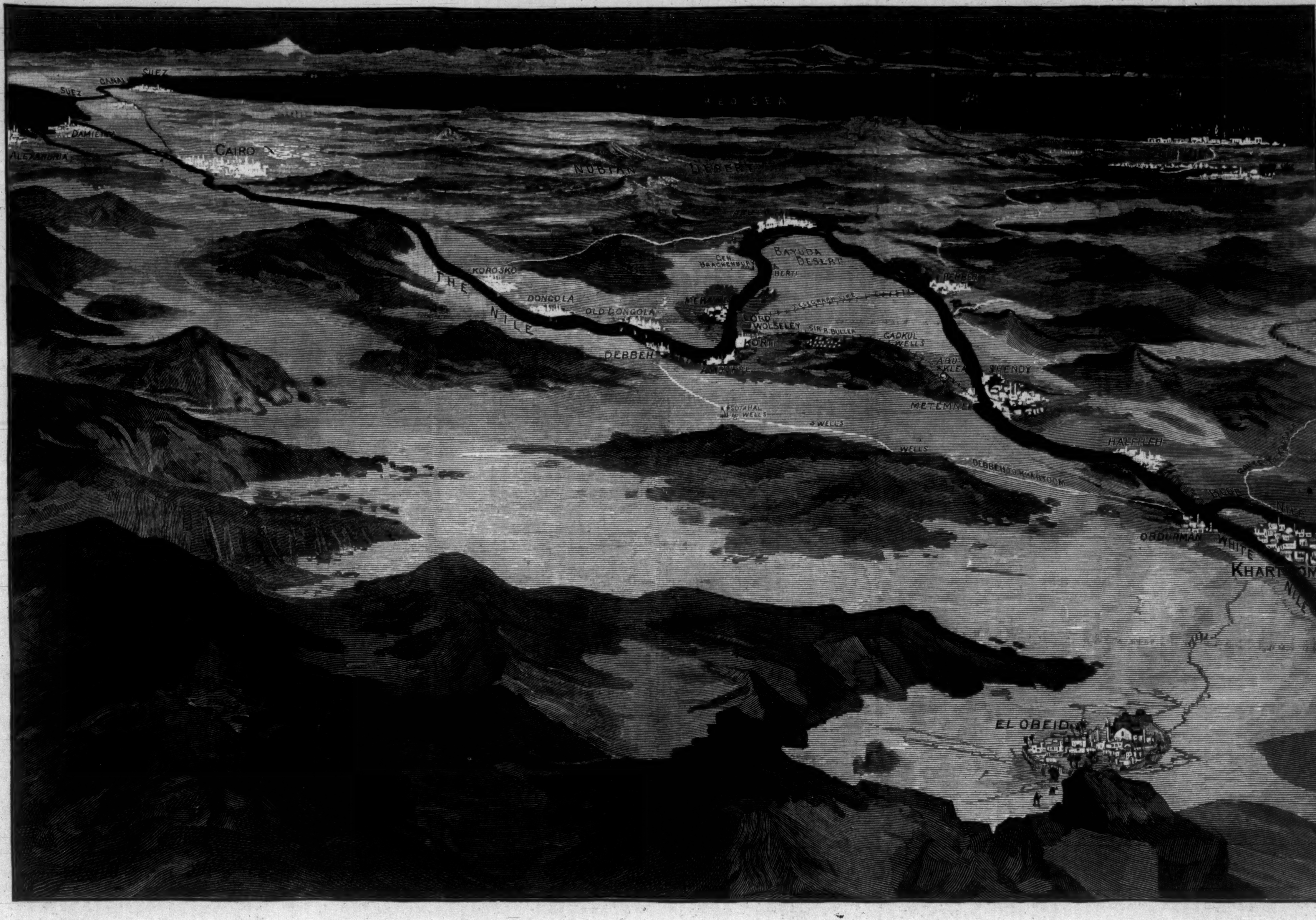
Yale students object to the electric light on the campus. Once they cut down the pole. Now they shiver the glass globe, as often as it is renewed, with a parlor-rifle bullet.

A Massachusetts editor says that a great many persons in New England believe that the spring-fed lakes in that part of the country, if not actually bottomless, are at least unfathomable by man. What the editor says is a curious fact, and his statement will appeal as a familiar truth to every reader who was a New England boy, although we do not remember ever to have seen such a statement in print before. Of a score of New England lakes and ponds that we can recall, every one was credited by tradition with having at some particular spot a hole so deep that one was loath to imagine how frightfully far-reaching it was. Young swimmers avoided passing over such holes, in the vague fear that they might encounter suctions which would draw them instantly into the centre of the earth, and young skaters shunned their neighborhood, although it might be that the ice above them was two feet thick. We recall one of these holes of tradition in a pond in western Massachusetts. It was called, quite awfully, Tucker's hole, and there was a general suspicion that it connected with the Dead Sea at least. The pond was filled up without any difficulty a few years ago, Tucker's hole along with the rest. Still the other ponds thereabouts continue to have their bottomless holes, and the annihilation of Tucker's hole has discredited them not in the least.

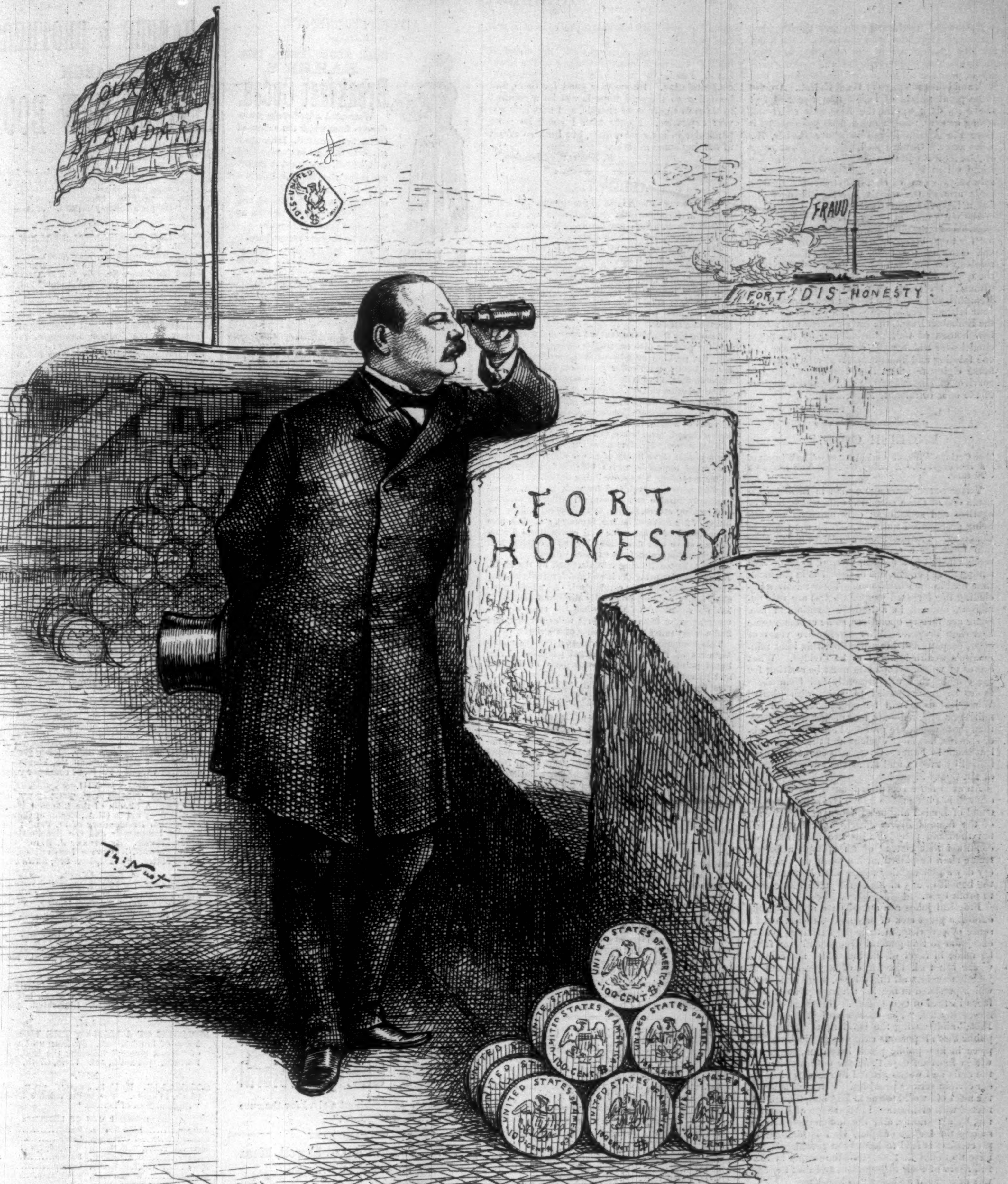


"WITH A SMILE."

"WE" on President CLEVELAND'S Inaugural Address.


SUEZ
CANAL
SUEZ
RED SEA
DAMIETTA
ALEXANDRIA
CAIRO
NUBIAN DESERT
KOROSKO
THE NILE
DONGOLA
OLD DONGOLA
DEBBEH
MERAWI
GEN. BRACKENBURY
BERTI
BAYUDA DESERT
TELEGRAPH LINE
LORD WOLSELEY
KORTI
SIR R. BULLER
GADKUL WELLS
BERBER
ABU-KLEA
SHENDY
METEMNEH
SOTAHAL WELLS
WELLS
WELLS
DEBBEH TO KHARTOOM
HALFILEH
BLUE NILE
OBDURMAN
WHITE NILE
KHARTOOM
EL OBEID

THE SOUDAN—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE NILE VALLEY FROM CAIRO TO KHARTOOM.—[See Page 173.]



THE FIRST SHOT OF THE NEW REBELLION.

Cleveland. "I don't think it will take four years to crush this *one*."

FROM KHARTOOM TO CAIRO.

Any man who could now behold in a vision, from the minarets of Khartoom, the whole Nile Valley down to Cairo, would augur ill for England's success. The gorge of Jebel Gharri, where cliffs of bush-clad granite compress the dark brown stream into less than half its usual width; the plunging rapids at its mouth; the burning wastes beyond, whose pale yellow sands seem divided by a ruled line from the black loam of the river—all mark a region where man's power is as nothing against the tremendous inaction of nature. Midway to Berber, 108 miles north of Khartoom, you pass between the low gray earth-works of El Metemneh and the big, crumbling, dismal citadel of Shendy. Then the banks grow flatter, the broad-leaved date-palm yields to the feathery fan-palm, the "sakyeh" (water-wheel) fills the irrigation tanks instead of the primitive rope-hung "shadoof" (earthen pitcher), and white-walled Berber looks at you through its clustering trees, one bright spot of green amid a glaring waste of brassy yellow.

The dreariness of the Nubian Desert, deepening with every mile of the two days' voyage thence to Abu Hamed, becomes absolutely appalling during the dismal overland route to Korosko, on the Lower Nile, the famous "short-cut of 250 miles across the river bend" so often traversed by poor General Gordon. Like a petrified sea the bare ridges of lifeless sand or glistening rock roll up in endless range beneath the blistering glare of the African sun. A tremendous loneliness, an awful silence and desolation. No sight, no sound of life, save the scream of a vulture far up in the burning sky, the skeleton of a camel half buried in drifting sand, or a stray Ababdeh Arab, whose wolfish eyes peer at you from a forest of thin quill-like curls intertwined with ivory skewers. And so the dreary march goes on, till on the tenth evening the slanting sunlight shows you, far in the distance, the brown huts of Korosko and the swift dark stream of the Lower Nile.

But should you prefer to reach Korosko by the river, your journey, though longer, will be far more pleasant. At Abu-Hamed the Nile begins its great bend to the southwest, 152 miles down which you pass the steep slope crowned with the flat grayish-white houses and waving palms of Korti, General Wolseley's head-quarters. Hence you may look southward into the grim Bayuda Desert, in whose dreary sands lie buried the bones of Colonel Burnaby and many other gallant men. These low hills that you see winding away to the southeast terminate ninety-six miles farther on in the rocky basin inclosing the famous wells of Jebel-Gakdul, seventy-six miles northwest of El Metemneh, between which and Gakdul lies the now equally memorable oasis of Abu-Klea.

Voyaging down the Nile from Korti, you reach the southernmost point of its great bend at Debbeh, forty-three miles farther west, and fifteen miles more bring you in sight of the great red rock that sentinels the stagnant and half-ruined town of Old Dongola. Eighty miles northwest of it rise above a mass of white flat-roofed buildings and dark green tropical foliage the tall spear-pointed minarets of New Dongola, where there worked not many years ago a tall, slim, fair-complexioned Arab carpenter named Mahmoud Ahmed, who was one day to call himself "El Mahdi" (the Messiah).

Northward, northward ever, past the long, low outline of Argo Islet, past the rocks of the Nubian hills glaring red in the scorching sunlight, past wallowing hippopotamuses and basking crocodiles, past the ruined castles, centuries old, that lurk amid the precipices of Wadi Halfah. Around these great pillars of basalt that rise 200 feet above its dark waters the Nile rolls swift and strong as ever, though not a drop has entered it since the Atbara flowed in above Berber, 780 miles away. Onward still, past the giant ruins of Abu Simbel and the squalid mud hovels of Korosko, till at length you descry the white-sailed dahabeeyahs (native boats) that flit like restless birds around the muddy landing-place of Assouan, Egypt's southern gateway, marking the site of the once famous Syene and its inexhaustible quarries of "Syenite" granite. Thence you have not far to go before hearing the familiar whistle and clank of the train, whose cushioned cars, shaded with Venetian blinds, carry you swiftly by the quaint little towns of Siout, Minieh, and Benisouef. Sweeping past the ruins of ancient Memphis, you leave the Sphinx and Pyramids on your left, and see before you, as you rumble into the Embabeh Depot, the leafy gardens and countless houses of Cairo, surmounted by the noble citadel over whose walls, seventy-four years ago, one fainting and blood-besmeared man leaped his horse eighty feet into the town below, the sole survivor of MEHEMET ALI's treacherous slaughter of the once formidable Mamelukes.

DAVID KER.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

Two Curious Wills.—Practical Jokes.—The Witness of a Blotting-Pad.—A Hasty Suicide.—The Diapason Normal.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago a man in Birmingham made one of those eccentric wills which, born of egotism and selfishness, only narrowly escaped being pronounced null and void by the Court of Chancery. The provisions of it were not to come into force for a quarter of a century, so that though he left four millions sterling to be divided among three persons, one of them has in the mean time died in the work-house. Their relatives (including the deceased pauper's heirs) are very numerous, and all in a humble position in life. Some are factory operatives, some cabmen, some beer-shop keepers. After twenty-five years of hope, despair, and heart-burning, this idiot millionaire's wealth is about to be divided. What scores of vulgar sycophants must be striving for the crumbs that will presently fall from these tables so unaccustomed to groan with plenty! What jealousies will be engendered, what humiliations endured—not more degrading, indeed, than those which are practiced every day in higher spheres, but more obvious and therefore more loathsome! Fancy a Chuzzlewit connection multiplied by twenty, and all at the low-water mark of Mr. Chevy Slyme!

An even more eccentric though less mischievous will has been made by the late second in command of Louis Philippe's kitchen, and chief cook of the famous *Frères Provençaux:* he has left ten thousand pounds to his two nephews, upon condition that instead of an epitaph a bronze frame shall be placed on his tomb, on which every day a new cooking recipe shall be placed for the benefit of any of his countrymen who choose to profit by it.

Practical jokes are out of date, and generally exhibit a great lack of originality, as well as of a sense of propriety, in their perpetrators; but an exception to this general disapproval may fairly be made in favor of the individual at Warwick whose fun took the form of a government injunction against all time-pieces, large and small, which persisted in bearing twelve figures on their faces instead of twenty-four. He issued a bogus notice headed, "The Clocks and Watches Act, 1885," and bearing the royal arms, warning the public that all persons exhibiting a clock or time-piece in any public place, hotel, inn, etc., must, within fourteen days from the date hereof, have the dials and works altered to the new code, under certain serious penalties. Warwick is one of the most old-world towns in England, though connected with civilization, in the shape of Leamington, by a tramway, and the indignation aroused among the honest burghers by this high-handed proceeding is said to have been considerable. I have no doubt that Mr. Gladstone came in for a full share of their objurgation, and that the edict was denounced as being "*so* like him."

I am always glad to hear of the detection of knaves, but especially when it is owing to their neglect of some obvious means of improving and civilizing their minds—such as the reading of novels. A scoundrel in Monmouthshire has been arrested at the moment of flight, through his having written down his plan of escape, and blotted it on a pad. Now if the villain, instead of giving all his time to schemes for robbing his fellow-creatures, had paid the smallest attention to fiction, he could not have failed to learn that criminals always *are* discovered by blotting-pads. On the other hand, I have some personal friends whose writing on their letter-paper, and when they *want* it to be read, is so very peculiar that I doubt if anything could be ever brought home to them by this familiar means.

If delay is dangerous, not less so is "Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay." A young wife of two-and-twenty has committed suicide, through not hearing from her husband at sea, only a few hours before the letter came which would have explained his silence to her satisfactorily. On leaving London for New Zealand he had promised to write from Plymouth and Teneriffe, but owing to stress of weather his ship could put into neither port, and both pilot and letters were carried per force to the Cape of Good Hope—the Cape of Despair to this poor woman. Surely some sort of selection should be made in marriage which should prevent a nervous and desponding girl from becoming the wife of a soldier or sailor.

Everybody seems rejoiced that "the diapason normal" has been formally adopted by the Royal Band. I endeavor to add my mite to the general congratulation. I hope it is good for them, and becoming to them; I hope it will be a comfort to them in the time of trouble, and that it is not very expensive. I only wish I could be more particular in my good wishes, but I am so afraid of making some mistake.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

ASBESTOS.

THERE seems to be no end to the uses to which the wonderful incombustible mineral, asbestos, can be applied, although but a few years ago it was unknown outside of the chemical laboratory.

The incombustibility of asbestos is its principal characteristic, and manufacturers and inventors are turning their attention to its uses in the production of fabrics to be used solely for their fire-proof qualities. It is capable of receiving and retaining the most brilliant colors, is a non-conductor of heat and electricity, and possesses many other valuable and practical qualities.

Among the most important are rope and wick packing, for packing pistons, stuffing-boxes, valve-stems, etc., flat packing or mill-board for cylinder heads, flange joints, and similar purposes, sheathing and building felts, all of strictly pure asbestos.

The asbestos and India-rubber sheathing, tape, and gaskets for hot-water and steam joints are comparatively new articles of manufacture, also asbestos cloth of various widths, thicknesses, and weights, and asbestos thread, yarn, twine, etc.

More recently Mr. JOHNS has succeeded in producing a plastic stove lining of asbestos, and some other fire-proof materials, which bids fair to become a prime necessity. This stove lining or cement is easily applied with a trowel, and forms, it is said, an exceedingly durable and economical lining for cooking and heating stoves, ranges, and furnaces, and for the lining of fire doors of boilers, furnaces, etc. It is also pronounced of great value and convenience for repairing stove and flue joints, broken fire-brick, iron linings, and other surfaces exposed to heat.

The Asbestos Roofing manufactured by the H. W. Johns Manufacturing Co. is well and favorably known, and its reputation fully established. As a light, portable, easily applied, practically fire-proof roofing, it has no superior. Of this article the company are manufacturing from *two to three miles per day,* and find a ready sale for it in all parts of the world.

This company are also the most extensive manufacturers of Paints for structural purposes. Their liquid paints are composed exclusively of the best and purest materials, combined on different principles from any other Liquid or Mixed Paints, the purest Linseed Oil, and the best pigments enter into their composition.

To assist consumers in selecting shades and colors for the satisfactory decoration of their buildings, the company issue and send free, upon application, sample sheets showing forty-eight standard colors and tints; they also issue a pamphlet, "Structural Decoration," giving hints and suggestions in painting and decorating, in which they bring the different colors together—body, trimmings, and blinds—so that it is an easy matter for the consumer to decide what colors will best please him. This pamphlet also contains views of many of the prominent public buildings and other structures on which these paints have been used, with a description of the colors employed—among them, the United States Capitol at Washington, the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad, and the "Dakota," at Seventy-Second Street and Eighth Avenue.

In addition, the company also manufacture Roof, Car, and Bridge Paints in various colors.

Recently the company have begun the manufacture of Strictly Pure colors in oil, and are meeting with a ready demand for their goods.

The H. W. Johns Manufacturing Co. of New York have branches in Chicago, Philadelphia, and London.

These paints were applied to the Harper Buildings some five or six years since, and they are now in perfect condition.—[*Adv.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,

ADVANTAGEOUS IN DYSPEPSIA.

DR. G. V. DORSEY, Piqua, Ohio, says: "I have used it in dyspepsia with very marked benefit. If there is deficiency of acid in the stomach, nothing affords more relief, while the action on the nervous system is decidedly beneficial."—[*Adv.*]

CAUGHT BY AN OCTOPUS.

A DIVER who was trying to find pearls off the Alaska coast, found none, but found himself, all of a sudden, in the grasp of an ugly octopus with arms twenty-seven feet long. Such an experience is rare; but there are thousands of people who are caught by dyspepsia, which is quite as bad. An octopus hates to let go. So does dyspepsia. Brown's Iron Bitters settles dyspepsia, and makes it loose its cruel grip. Mrs. Schmidt and her daughter, of 136 Conway Street, Baltimore, were both cured of dyspepsia by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

FOR THROAT DISEASES AND COUGHS.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES,"

Like all other *really good* things, are imitated, and purchasers should be careful to obtain the genuine article prepared by JOHN I. BROWN & SONS, and sold only in boxes.—Price 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

A happy combination of best Grape Brandy, Smart-Weed, Jamaica Ginger, and Camphor Water, as found in Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, cures cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery or bloody flux, colic or cramps in stomach, and breaks up colds, fevers, and inflammatory attacks.—[*Adv.*]

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR

May be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocoaine. Housekeepers should insist upon obtaining Burnett's Flavoring Extracts; they are the best.—[*Adv.*]

IF you suffer from looseness of the bowels, ANGOSTURA BITTERS will surely cure you. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

CLARKE'S PATENT
PYRAMID NIGHT LIGHTS
FOR BURNING IN HIS
PYRAMID NIGHT LAMPS AND
PYRAMID NURSERY LAMPS.
S. CLARKE, PATENTEE, LON: ENG: AND EXCHANGE ALLEY, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

SOLD RETAIL AT ALL DRUG STORES.

For Instant Use

As a reliable remedy, in cases of Croup, Whooping Cough, or sudden Colds, and for the prompt relief and cure of throat and lung diseases, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is invaluable. Mrs. E. G. Edgerly, Council Bluffs, Iowa, writes: "I consider Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a most important remedy for home use. I have tested its curative power, in my family, many times during the past thirty years, and have never known it to fail. It will relieve the most serious affections of the throat and lungs, whether in children or adults." John H. Stoddard, Petersburg, Va., writes: "I have never found a medicine equal to

AYER'S

Cherry Pectoral

for the prompt relief of throat and lung diseases peculiar to children. I consider it an absolute cure for all such affections, and am never without it in the house." Mrs. L. E. Herman, 187 Mercer st., Jersey City, writes: "I have always found Ayer's Cherry Pectoral useful in my family." B. T. Johnson, Mt. Savage, Md., writes: "For the speedy cure of sudden Colds, and for the relief of children afflicted with Croup, I have never found anything equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is the most potent of all the remedies I have ever used." W. H. Stickler, Terre Haute, Ind., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured my wife of a severe lung affection, supposed to be Quick Consumption. We now regard the Pectoral as a household necessity." E. M. Breckenridge, Brainerd, Minn., writes: "I am subject to Bronchitis, and, wherever I go, am always sure to have a bottle of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

with me. It is without a rival for the cure of bronchial affections."

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

For sale by all Druggists.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for **Constipation,** loss of appetite, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c. Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists. TAMAR, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.

THE COMPLEXION MASK.

(PATENTED SEPT. 4, 1877.)

By the Parfumerie Monte Christo, of world-wide reputation, cures all blemishes, effaces unsightly wrinkles, and gives the face a fresh and youthful appearance. Endorsed and recommended by the most eminent physicians. Price $2.00, complete. Money refunded if it fails to do the same. **L. SHAW, 54 West 14th Street, near Macy's, only depot, New York.**

CHEAPEST PRINTING PRESS IN THE WORLD

NO. 1 GIANT Self-inker, with a complete script type outfit, **$5**

Any boy or girl can clear $5 a week with it. Pack of Sample Cards and Catalogue, 6c. W. C. EVANS, 50 N. 9th St., Philadelphia.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Marechal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

HARPER & BROTHERS'

MARCH

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

GEORGE ELIOT'S LIFE, Related in her Letters and Journals. Arranged and Edited by her Husband, J. W. CROSS. Portraits and Illustrations. In Three Volumes. pp. 1038. 12mo, Cloth, $3.75. (Uniform with "Harper's Library Edition" of George Eliot's Works.)

II.

A POPULAR MANUAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Containing Outlines of the Literature of France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and the United States of America. With Historical, Scientific, and Art Notes, Diagrams, &c. By MAUDE GILLETTE PHILLIPS. Illustrated. In Two Volumes. Vol. I., pp. xx., 582. Vol. II., pp. vi., 570. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2.00 per volume. The volumes sold separately.

III.

STORMONTH'S ENGLISH DICTIONARY. A Dictionary of the English Language, Pronouncing, Etymological, and Explanatory: embracing Scientific and other Terms, Numerous Familiar Terms, and a Copious Selection of Old English Words. By the Rev. JAMES STORMONTH. The Pronunciation Carefully Revised by the Rev. P. H. PHELP, M.A. pp. xiv., 1234. Imperial 8vo, Cloth, $6.00; Half Roan, $7.00; Full Sheep, $7.50.

Also in "Harper's Franklin Square Library," in twenty-three parts, 4to, Paper, 25 cents each part. Muslin covers for binding supplied by the publishers on receipt of 50 cents.

IV.

GILDERSLEEVE'S PINDAR. The Olympic and Pythian Odes of Pindar. With Introductory Essay, Dissertation on the Metres of Pindar, and Notes Critical and Explanatory. By BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE, Ph.D. (Göttingen), LL.D., Professor of Greek, Johns Hopkins University. Illustrated. pp. 502. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50. (In "Harper's Classical Series for Schools and Colleges." Under the Editorial Supervision of Henry Drisler, LL.D., Jay Professor of Greek in Columbia College.)

V.

AMERICAN POLITICAL IDEAS, Viewed from the Standpoint of Universal History. By JOHN FISKE, Author of "The Destiny of Man." pp. 158. 12mo, Cloth, $1.00.

VI.

HERODOTUS. Books VI. and VII. With a Life of Herodotus, an Epitome of his History, a Summary of the Dialect, and Explanatory Notes. By AUGUSTUS C. MERRIAM, Ph.D., Adjunct Professor of Greek in Columbia College, New York. (In "Harper's Classical Series, for Schools and Colleges." Under the Editorial Supervision of Henry Drisler, LL.D., Jay Professor of Greek in Columbia College.) pp. xxx., 370. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50.

VII.

"THE FRIENDLY EDITION" OF SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS. Edited by W. J. ROLFE. In 20 volumes. Illustrated. 16mo, Gilt Tops and Uncut Edges, Sheets, $27.00; Cloth, $30.00; Half Calf, $60.00. (Sold in Sets only. Each Set in a box.) Also School Edition, Small 4to, Flexible Cloth, 56 cents per volume; Paper, 40 cents per volume.

VIII.

LIFE AND TIMES OF THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH. A Sketch of the Life and Times of the Rev. Sydney Smith (M.A., Rector of Combe-Florey, and Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's). Based on Family Documents and the Recollections of Personal Friends. By STUART J. REID. With Steel-Plate Portrait, Numerous Illustrations, and Autograph Letter. pp. xx., 410. 8vo, Extra Cloth, $3.00.

IX.

A HISTORY OF THE FOUR GEORGES. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P., Author of "A History of Our Own Times," &c. pp. iv., 322. Vol. I. 12mo, Cloth, $1.25. (To be completed in Four Volumes.)

X.

SOME LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS. By JAMES PAYN, Author of "A Beggar on Horseback," "By Proxy," &c. With Portrait. pp. 206. 12mo, Cloth, $1.00.

XI.

CUSTOM AND MYTH. Studies of Early Usage and Belief. By ANDREW LANG, M.A., late Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. Illustrated. pp. viii., 312. 12mo, Cloth, $1.25.

XII.

MEMOIRS OF A MAN OF THE WORLD. Fifty Years of London Life. By EDMUND YATES, Author of "Black Sheep," "Kissing the Rod," &c. With Portrait. pp. xviii., 444. 12mo, Cloth, $1.75.

XIII.

COLERIDGE. By H. D. TRAILL. pp. x., 200. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents. The latest volume issued in the "English Men of Letters."

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS:

JOHNSON	Leslie Stephen.	BYRON	John Nichol.
GIBBON	J. C. Morison.	LOCKE	Thomas Fowler.
SCOTT	R. H. Hutton.	WORDSWORTH	F. Myers.
SHELLEY	J. A. Symonds.	DRYDEN	G. Saintsbury.
HUME	T. H. Huxley.	LANDOR	Sidney Colvin.
GOLDSMITH	William Black.	DE QUINCEY	David Masson.
DEFOE	William Minto.	LAMB	Alfred Ainger.
BURNS	J. C. Shairp.	BENTLEY	R. C. Jebb.
SPENSER	R. W. Church.	DICKENS	A. W. Ward.
THACKERAY	Anthony Trollope.	GRAY	E. W. Gosse.
BURKE	John Morley.	SWIFT	Leslie Stephen.
MILTON	Mark Pattison.	STERNE	H. D. Traill.
HAWTHORNE	Henry James, Jr.	MACAULAY	J. Cotter Morison.
SOUTHEY	E. Dowden.	FIELDING	Austin Dobson.
CHAUCER	A. W. Ward.	SHERIDAN	Mrs. Oliphant.
BUNYAN	J. A. Froude.	ADDISON	W. J. Courthope.
COWPER	Goldwin Smith.	BACON	R. W. Church.
POPE	Leslie Stephen.	COLERIDGE	H. D. Traill.

12mo, Cloth, 75 cents per volume.

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY.

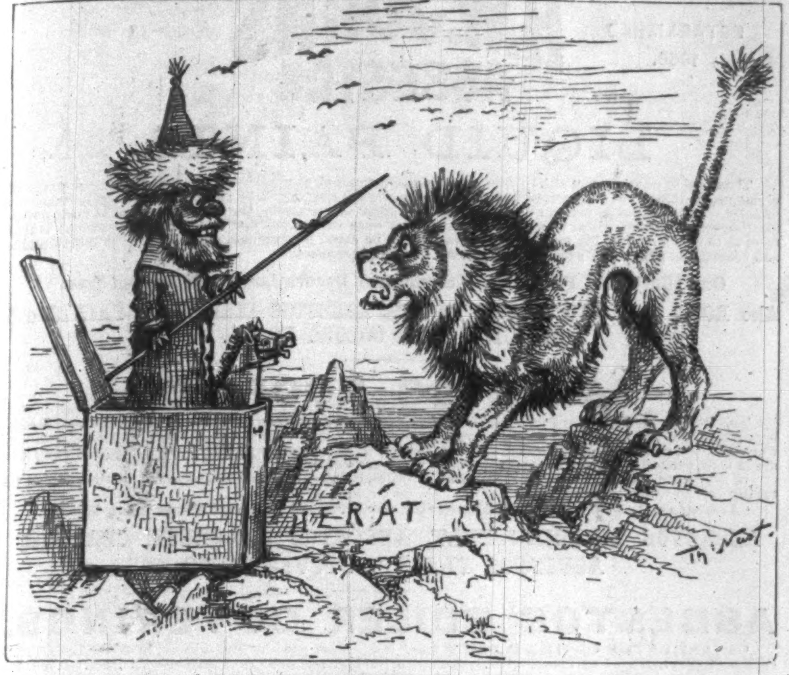
LATEST ISSUES.

		CTS.
438.	A Good Hater. By Frederick Boyle	20
440.	Under which King? By Compton Reade	20
442.	Tie and Trick. By Hawley Smart	20
444.	The Wearing of the Green. By Basil	20
446.	The Crime of Christmas-Day. By the Author of "My Ducats and My Daughter"	10
447.	The White Witch	20
448.	Ichabod. A Portrait. By Bertha Thomas	15
449, 450, 451.	George Eliot's Life. 3 Parts....each	15
452.	Great Porter Square. By B. L. Farjeon	20
453.	Miss Brown. By Vernon Lee	20
454.	A Man of His Word, and Other Stories. By W. E. Norris	20
455.	Some One Else. By B. M. Croker	20

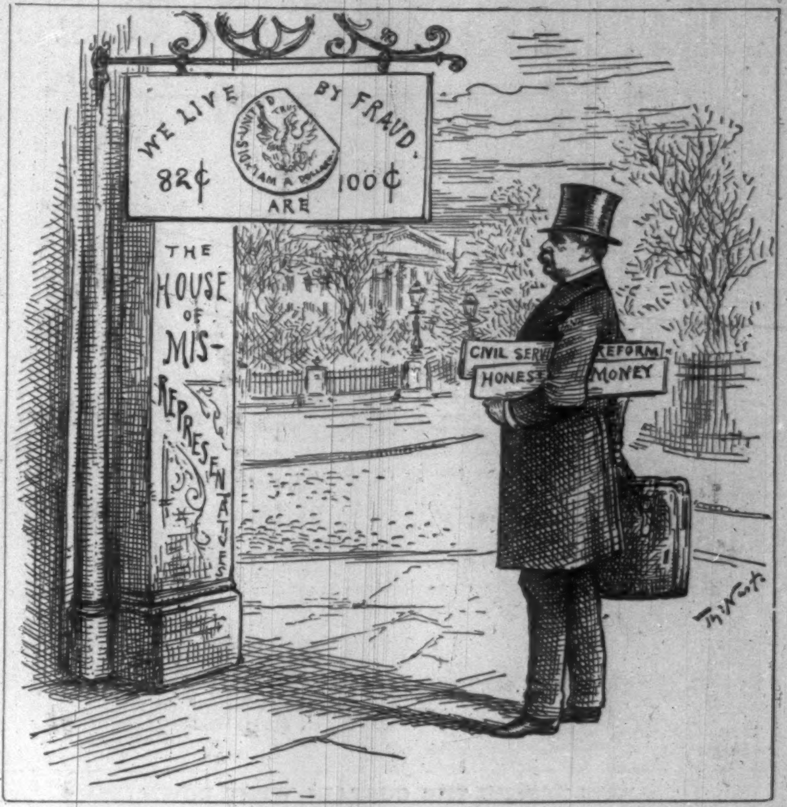
Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of ten cents.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.



THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN TROUBLE.
Something else to "smash."



THE SIGN OF THE TIMES.
CLEVELAND (*just arrived*). "They do not know yet what the last election meant."

FINE LINEN
Writing Papers.

If you want a Day Book made,
If you want a Journal made,
If you want a Cash Book made,
If you want a Ledger made,
If you want a Record made,
If you want a Check Book made,
If you want a Sales Book made,
If you want Paper for Correspondence,
If you want Paper for Letter Heads,
If you want Paper for Note Heads,
If you want Paper for Bill Heads,
If you want Writing Paper for any purpose,

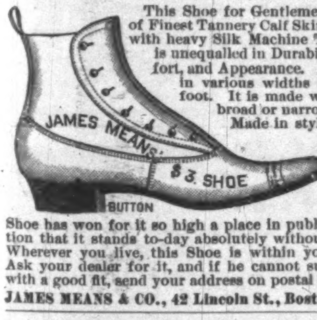
ASK YOUR STATIONER OR PRINTER
FOR "LINEN" PAPER MADE BY
CRANE BROTHERS,
WESTFIELD, MASS.,

And take no other.
Used by all Stationers.
Used by all Bookbinders.
Used by all Lithographers.
Used by all Printers.
Sold by all Paper Dealers.

It has received the HIGHEST AWARD at four World's Fairs, and is recommended by all using it. Our papers may be known by the Japanese Cranes, which are our trade-mark, and are in water-mark in each sheet. Send for sample books.

CAUTION!—Some dealers recommend inferior goods in order to make a larger profit. This is the **original** $3 Shoe. Beware of imitations which acknowledge their own inferiority by attempting to build upon the reputation of the original. **You cannot** be sure of getting the **genuine** article unless you are careful to examine and see that this stamp appears plainly on the soles:

JAMES MEANS'
$3 SHOE.



This Shoe for Gentlemen is made of Finest Tannery Calf Skin, stitched with heavy Silk Machine Twist, and is unequalled in Durability, Comfort, and Appearance. It is made in various widths to fit any foot. It is made with either broad or narrow toes. Made in styles shown in cut, also in Congress or Lace. The quality of this Shoe has won for it so high a place in public estimation that it stands to-day absolutely without a rival. Wherever you live, this Shoe is within your reach. Ask your dealer for it, and if he cannot supply you with a good fit, send your address on postal card to
JAMES MEANS & CO., 42 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

War Volumes of Harper's Weekly

Are now entirely out of print and the plates have been destroyed.

We would call the attention of those who have not the files of *Harper's Weekly* during the War to "Harper's Pictorial History of the Rebellion," same size pages as the *Weekly*, containing 1000 of the illustrations that appeared in *Harper's Weekly* during the War.

2 vols. Price, delivered, free of express charges: Cloth, $14; Half Turkey Morocco, $20.

SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION ONLY.

McDONNELL BROS.,
113 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.;
25 East 14th St., New York, N. Y.
AGENTS WANTED.

$16 BREECH-LOADER Guaranteed Steel Barrels, Side Lever Action, Bar (Front Action) Locks. Warranted good shooter or no sale. Only $16. Our Famous Number 21,
$15 MUZZLE-LOADER NOW $12
Send stamp for illustrated catalogue of Guns, Knives, Watches.
P. POWELL & SON, 180 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

IT PAYS to sell our Rubber Stamps. *Free* catalogue to Agents. Foljambe & Co., Cleveland, O.

Arnold
Constable & Co

UPHOLSTERY DEPARTMENT.

Desire to call the attention of their customers and the public to the Spring exhibition of Novelties in Furniture Coverings, Curtain Materials, and Lace Draperies, forming one of the finest collections yet offered, of which they respectfully ask an inspection. Estimates given on application.

Broadway & 19th st.

Cuticura Soap

For Cleansing the Skin and Scalp of Birth Humors, for allaying Itching, Burning, and Inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of Eczema, Psoriasis, Milk Crust, Scald Head, Scrofula, and other inherited skin and blood diseases, Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are infallible. Absolutely pure. Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.
☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

PARQUET FLOORS
NATIONAL WOOD MFG. Co.
OF 16 EAST 18TH STREET · NEW · YORK
REMOVED TO 129 FIFTH AVE NEAR 20 ST.

CHINESE GORDON.

A Succinct Account of the Life of General C. G. Gordon. By Archibald Forbes. With Portrait, Illustrations, and a Map. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

Among the valuable records of this book is the light thrown on the neighborhood of Khartoum, where General Gordon was hedged in by the followers of the Mahdi.—*Boston Traveller.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

---

40 Hidden Name, Embossed and New Chromo Cards, name in new type, an Elegant 48 page Gilt bound Floral Autograph Album with quotations, 12 page Illustrated Premium and Price List and Agent's Canvassing Outfit, all for 15 cts. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

DOCTEUR PIERRE'S
(OF THE PARIS FACULTY OF MEDICINE)
Hygienical Preparations.
DENTIFRICE
EAU ET POUDRES (LIQUID AND POWDER).
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
8 Place de l'Opera, Paris.
New York, Wholesale, 42 Murray Street.

VELOUTINE FAY
Invaluable for the Freshness and Beauty of the Complexion and the Skin.
CHARLES FAY,
Perfumer,
9 Rue de la Paix,
PARIS.
THE MOST CELEBRATED
RICE POWDER
PREPARED WITH BISMUTH.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

The Famous English Custard Powder—Produces DELICIOUS CUSTARD WITHOUT EGGS, at HALF THE COST AND TROUBLE.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER
Sold in Boxes at 18 cents, sufficient for 3 pints, and 36 cents, sufficient for 7 pints.
A GREAT LUXURY.

Inventors and Manufacturers, Alfred Bird & Sons, *Birmingham, England.*

PASTRY and SWEETS Mailed Free. EVANS & SHOWELL, Philadelphia, Pa., & 21 Park Pl., N. Y., Sole Ag'ts for U. S. A., will Mail Free, on receipt of address, "Pastry & Sweets," a little work containing Practical Hints & Original Recipes for Tasty Dishes for the Dinner and Supper table.

NOTICE TO THE CLERGY.

We take pleasure in announcing that the first supplementary volume to "M'Clintock & Strong's Cyclopædia" was issued November 15, 1884.

Comparatively few of the subjects treated in the Supplement will be found in any other cyclopædia, whether general or special. Thus it will be a very desirable companion, not only to the main work, but to every other of the kind.

We shall be pleased to hear from any who have assisted in the canvass of the work itself, with a view to taking an agency for the Supplement. The large circulation of the previous volumes of "M'Clintock & Strong's Cyclopædia" should satisfy all concerned that the canvass will be remunerative.

The Supplement will be uniform with the set, and will be sold to subscribers only at the following prices: *i. e.*, Cloth, $5 00; Sheep, $6 00; Half Morocco, $8 00 per vol.

AGENTS WANTED.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

---

12 "**DAISY**" Embossed Cards for Scrap Books, with our 48-page Illustrated Annual, mailed for 4 cts. in Stamps. ÆTNA CARD CO., Box 2724, N. Y.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Finest and cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. Annual Sale, 8,000,000 jars.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. An invaluable tonic. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," &c.
Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. The title "Baron Liebig" and photograph having been largely used by dealers with no connection with Baron Liebig, the public are informed that the Liebig Company alone can offer the article with Baron Liebig's guarantee of genuineness.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, Messrs. FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

TIMKEN SPRING VEHICLES!

Easiest riding Vehicle made. Rides as easy with one person as with two. The Springs lengthen and shorten according to the weight they carry. Equally well adapted to rough country roads and fine drives of cities. Manufactured and sold by all the leading Carriage Builders and Dealers. Henry Timken, Patentee, St Louis.

To Embroider
CRAZY QUILTS,
Get Brainerd & Armstrong's factory ends, called Waste Embroidery. 40 cents will buy one ounce, which would cost One Dollar in Skeins. All good silk and beautiful colors. Designs for 100 styles of Crazy Stitches enclosed in each package. Send 40 cents in stamps or postal note to **THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.,** 621 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE....................$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY....................4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR....................4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE....................2 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers)....................10 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

Each is pre-eminent in its own department.—*N. Y. World.*

A file of these publications would be a complete library in itself.—*Boston Globe.*

Their value is, indeed, great and permanent; and we commend them anew and more emphatically to the appreciation of the public.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The superb periodicals offer a complete epitome of the year.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

One or the other of these journals should find its way into every family.—*Southern Planter,* Richmond, Va.

The best of the kind in the country, or, in fact, in the world.—*Springfield Republican.*

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid risk of loss. Address
HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE, of between three and four thousand volumes, mailed on receipt of Ten Cents in Postage Stamps.